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THE HEAVENLY SISTERS;

OR

Biographical Sketches

OF THE LIVES OF

THIRTY EMINENTLY PIOUS FEMALES;

PARTLY EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF

GIBBONS, GERMONT, AND OTHERS,

AND PARTLY ORIGINAL:

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF FEMALES IN GENERAL; AND PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED FOR THE USE OF LADIES' SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. T. SHARP,
WOOLRICH.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, shall be praised." *Prov.* xxxi. 30.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A MEMOIR OF MRS. ABIGAIL,
WIFE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT ADAMS,

AND,

A SKETCH OF THE ACTIVE LIFE OF
MRS. SARAH HOFFMAN.

NEW-HAVEN:
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PREFACE.

FEMALES possess a most conspicuous station and commanding influence over every branch of society; and, by revelation, the woman is strikingly designated "an help-meet for man:" yea, like mankind, such have souls of infinite value, such were created for the glory of God, and their enjoyments of him for ever.

The holy scriptures, and other historic pages, contain many beautiful miniature portraits of great and good females, whose characters are written in the annals of deathless fame, and whose redeemed, purified, and glorified persons, now shine as the sun in the firmament of heaven.

This work professes to present the reader with only the *outlines* of character belonging to a few of the "many daughters who have done virtuously;" may these, though dead, speak efficiently to every female, especially to the young, "Go thou and do likewise." Follow us as far as we have followed Jesus.

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It is professedly only a *sketch*, therefore calculated for price to correspond with the pockets of poor females, and for size to answer with the few spare minutes of the busy, and with the inclination of the young.

This work contains things both new and old; for although a considerable part be extracted from unexceptionable sources, a portion is original. May it promote the real felicity of immortal spirits, and enhance his glory who is the beneficent parent of all the sons and daughters of Mount Zion.

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THE

HEAVENLY SISTERS.

LADY JANE GREY,

WAS born about the year 1536, of a most noble family, being the daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and the Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Charles, Duke of Suffolk.

In very early life she was almost a miracle for her learning, and her person was extremely pleasing; but the beauties of her mind were extremely engaging; and, as Bishop Burnet observes, "She was the wonder and delight of all that knew her." When quite a child in age, her female accomplishments and additional attainments embraced the finest needle work, the most beautiful writing, an admirable acquaintance with both instrumental and vocal music, an accurate knowledge of English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, which she not only wrote but spoke with the utmost freedom; she was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; was remarkable for sedateness of temper, quickness of apprehension, and solidity of judgment, which enabled her not only to become mistress of languages, but of sciences; yet was in no

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respect elated by such wondrous endowments; but was remarkably gentle, humble, and modest in her demeanour.

This lovely lady was made an innocent victim to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, who, having effected a marriage between her and his son Lord Guildford Dudley, raised her to the throne of England, in defiance of the rights of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, when only 18 years of age, and her husband also very young.

Her heart, replete with the love of learning and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her most affectionate regard, had never panted for earthly honours; and when informed of her advancement to the throne, she even refused to accept the proffered crown, pleaded the superior right of the two princesses, expressed her dread of consequences attendant on so dangerous and criminal an enterprise, and solicited to remain in that private station in which she was born; but overcome at last by the entreaties of her father and father-in-law, and, above all, of her husband, she submitted to their will, and relinquished her own judgment.

But her elevation was of very short duration. The nation soon declared for Queen Mary; and after wearing the crown only ten short days, she retired with the greatest satisfaction to a private life.

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Queen Mary, a most cruel, bigotted, and ungenerous woman, soon sent lady Jane a warning to prepare for death; which, however, was no unwelcome news to her, for her faith in the Saviour had prepared her for the worst; the bitterness of death was passed, and she received the warning with very little discomposure.

The queen's bigotted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, molested her with constant visits and disputes from popish priests; but she defended the protestant religion by most solid arguments, and wrote a letter in Greek to her sister, exhorting her to maintain, in every fortune, steady perseverance.

On the awful day of execution she refused her husband's request to see her; observing, the tenderness of parting would conquer the fortitude of both: that their separation would be only for a moment, and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where affections would be for ever united, and where death, disappointments, and misfortunes could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and her husband on Tower-Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people, changed their orders, and directed their being beheaded

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within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, waited with tranquility the fatal hour of her own death; she even saw his headless body carried back, and felt more confirmed by what she heard respecting his constancy to the end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a sight.

Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, solicited some small token as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table book, where she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English; importing—that human justice was against his body; but that divine mercy would be favourable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour.

On the scaffold she made a speech to the spectators, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the cruelty with which she was treated; but observed her fault was not her laying hand on the crown, but her not rejecting it with sufficient constancy: then renoune-

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ing all the merits of her own works, she professed her exclusive dependance on the sacrifice and merits of Christ for salvation: after which, kneeling down, she read the fifty-first psalm; then standing up again, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner, saying, "Lord, into thine hand I commend my spirit:" and instantly one stroke severed her head from her body.

Thus fell this incomparable woman, who (as one justly observes) possessed a faith which uniformly produced a christian life; which triumphantly trampled on the sting of death, and spread a glory round the Lady Jane, that eclipsed the faint lustre of the superstitious and cruel Queen Mary on her throne.

JANE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE,

Was daughter to Henry II. King of Navarre, and Margaret of Orleans, sister of Francis I. King of France. She was carefully educated in the protestant faith from her childhood, to which she most steadfastly adhered all her days, though continually exposed to the malice and machinations of most powerful popish enemies on that account.

Bishop Burnet says, respecting her, that "She both received the reformation, and brought her subjects to it; that she not only reformed her court,

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but her whole principality to such a degree, that the golden age seemed to have returned under her: or rather, christianity appeared again with its primitive purity and lustre."

This illustrious queen, being invited to attend the marriage of her son (afterwards Henry IV. King of France) with the sister of the French king, fell a victim to the plots and cruelty of the French court against the protestant religion.—However, that religious fortitude and genuine piety, with which she was peculiarly endued, did not desert her in this great conflict, and at the approach of death.

To some about her she said, "I receive all this as from the hand of God, my most merciful Father: nor have I, during my extremity, feared to die, much less murmured against God for inflicting this chastisement upon me; knowing that whatsoever he does to me, he so orders it, that in the end, it shall turn to my everlasting good."

When she saw her ladies weeping about her bed, she said, "Weep not for me, I pray you: for God, by this sickness, calls me hence, to enjoy a better life; and now I shall enter into the desired haven, towards which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering."

She expressed much concern for her children; yet doubted not that God, who had been her Pro-

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tector in all afflictions, would be a Father and Protector to them. "I therefore," said she "commit them wholly to his government and fatherly care. I believe that Christ is my only Mediator and Saviour, and I look for salvation from no other." She sweetly yielded up her spirit into the hands of God, June 9th, 1572, in the forty-fourth year of her age.

This beloved queen, though taken away by poison, seemed to be mercifully housed from the storm which soon burst upon the Protestants, on the 24th of August following, the day of the black and bloody massacre of Paris! the beginning of a slaughter of one hundred thousand of the reformed! The horrors of that dismal night cannot be conceived, much less expressed. The tolling of the bell of St. Germain was the fatal signal for the commencement of this inhuman, fiend-like butchery. The popish murderers ravaged the whole city of Paris, and butchered, in three days, about ten thousand, lords, gentlemen, presidents, counsellors, advocates, lawyers, physicians, merchants, tradesmen, and others: even children were involved in the destruction; and the palace-gates of the king (the pope's head human butcher) were all besmeared with the blood of God's saints. Yea, as if this had been a transaction of immortal

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glory, medals were struck at Paris, in honour of the demon-like act: and when the news reached Rome, a jubilee was granted; the people were enjoined to go every where to church, and bless God for the success of the action: and it was decreed that the pope and his cardinals should march to the church of St. Marks, and in the most solemn manner give God thanks for so great a blessing to the see of Rome, and to the Christian world.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY MARY VERE.

This Lady descended from most respectable ancestors; one of whom, William Tracy, Esq. of Toddington, was, for his sound profession of faith contained in his last will and testament, condemned to have his body taken from the grave and burned two years after his decease, which sentence was executed in the reign of Henry the eighth.

Her mother dying three years after her birth, and her father when she was only eight years of age, left her an early orphan in the world, and occasioned her choosing for her motto, "God will provide."

In her nineteenth year she was married to Mr.

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William Hobby, by whom she had two sons, both of whom died young, admired for their parts, and beloved for their piety. Her second husband was Sir Horace Vere, baron of Tilbury, memorable for his valour in the field of battle, and who could wrestle with God as well as fight with men. His beloved lady used to say, she "honoured him for his valour, but more so for the grace of God that shone in him." For, unstained piety was his crowning glory.

But, passing her civil distinctions, let us present her spiritual excellencies, which communicated so intrinsic a value to her person. "She was a faithful woman, and feared God above many;" and frequently was heard most solemnly to say, "O, I would not sin against my God." Her zeal for both the public and private worship of God was very eminent, which was practically manifested by her care to provide able and faithful ministers for those parishes in her disposal, by her constant attendance on public worship with her family; by her most reverent devotion while attending the holy ordinances and sacraments of God's house; and, by her carrying devotion home to her private habitation, making her house a little sanctuary consecrated to God by family and closet religion.

Her love to God was not only exhibited by her

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active obedience to his precepts, but by her cheerful submission to his every providential dispensation; and, if her ardent love to God ever deviated from the path of rectitude, it was in her vehement desires and longings to depart and be with Christ; on which account she was one of the very few who needed the excellent Mr. Dodd's exhortation: "To be content and patient, though not taken up to heaven as soon as we desire."

Thus she continued till a good old age, glorifying her God and Saviour by an uniformity of holy walk, by a remarkable faith, a singular humility, a lively affection to God's ministers and people, and a diffusive and most liberal charity towards the poor and afflicted. "I tell you," said she to one of her servants, "I had rather part with the gown from my back, than the poor should want." Yet her benevolence was without noise, and her whole dependance was in Christ.

The last words her worn out body were heard to utter, were, "How shall I do to be thankful? How shall I do to praise my God?" Thus she died in the Lord, Dec. 25th, 1671, either in her ninetieth or ninety-first year, receiving from her God a remarkable long life here, and a crown of salvation above.

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ELIZABETH LANGHAM.

THIS noble and pious person was a descendant from the house of Huntingdon, a family not only illustrious for noble blood, but for several female branches eminently distinguished for superior grace and usefulness.

The mother of this lady was designated "more than a common person, more than a common Christian," by whose means it pleased God to bless her daughters; but especially this lady, whose ductile soul received the best and most durable of impressions from the principles and practices of her mother.

The very childhood of the Lady Elizabeth possessed a special excellency in it, which presaged an interesting futurity. The seeds of religion not only produced early buds and blossoms, but also early fruit; for from her infancy she was truly and conscientiously dutiful and obedient to her parents, so that her mother has been heard to say of her, "she was a child who had never offended her parents in all her life;" and her piety to her parents was accompanied with a peculiar proficiency in all practical godliness, especially in reference to her fulfilling her promises, restraining her lips

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from idle conversation, and manifesting the strictest modesty, which was beautifully blended with the most attractive courtesy. Hence her lovely life was called a practical comment upon Eph. v. 15. "See that ye walk circumspectly."

Also, her outward deportment was united to a most tender conscience, which took an alarm at the appearance of the smallest sin, and those early blossoms of religion were not, as too often occurs, blasted before she arrives at maturer years; for as she grew in years she grew in grace, in knowledge of God, and communion with him. Her life was devoted to prayer and meditation, and perusing the Holy Scriptures, in which she spent a considerable portion of her time, properly estimating that so precious a thing as time was infinitely too valuable to be spent about masques, interludes, plays, and such like games.

Such was her devotion towards her God, and in her connection with which she knew and practised her duty towards her neighbours; which, in multiplied instances, she performed to the glory of God, and the temporal and spiritual good of mankind. Here, perhaps, it may be profitable to note, she always declared a great abhorrence of tale-bearing, the bane of friendship and affection; and answered in a peculiar degree what the apostle de-

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scribed of charity: For 1 Cor. xiii. 4. was an epitome of her life.

At last the small pox, disguised under the relics of a fever, seized her mortal frame, and during the twilight of hopes and fears which agitated her physicians and relations, she always appeared with St. Paul in Phil. i. 23. "To have a desire to depart, and be with Christ;" Yea, entreated her dear and weeping husband, "not to pray for her life, but for her soul, that God would fit her to die; or if he pleased to recover her, he would sanctify her affliction, and give her grace to pay her vows to God." But after bearing the precious fruits of patience, and conflicting with temptations, her Heavenly Father first gave her a sight of the better country, of her title to it, and interest in it; and then released her from the tabernacle of earth, to inhabit an eternal house above not made with hands.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

This Lady was the seventh daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, and was married to Charles Rich, Earl of Warwick.

From her own confession it appears, that though

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she had received an excellent education, and had been carefully instructed in the grounds of religion in her youth, yet that she understood nothing of the life and power of religion upon her heart, or had any spiritual sense of it till some years after her marriage; yea, declared she had entered her husband's noble and pious family with prejudices against godliness, which however were dispersed like mists before the sun, and were succeeded by the most cordial approbation of the things of God.

In this great and saving work the providence of God made use of afflictions and retirement, of a preached Gospel, and Christian conversation; whereby, the Lord gradually drew her from the pleasures and vanities of the world, to a life of union and fellowship with Himself. After which happy change her religion was in good earnest, for she made the severest scrutiny into the state of her soul, and most unreservedly devoted herself to the love, fear, and service of God.

Many years before her death she began to keep a diary, consulting two persons whom she called "*her soul friends,*" respecting the best manner of performing it; wherein she recorded her daily frame of soul towards her God, and the providence and grace of God towards herself and others, or whatever was useful for caution or encourage-

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ment, or would afford matter for thankfulness or humility.

She was a woman of fervent and constant private prayer. She prayed in prayer. Prayer was her element in which she lived and died. For, on the day of her death, she spent an hour of ardent secret prayer to God, and used to entitle prayer "her *heart's ease.*"

But if she excelled in any particular thing, it was in meditation. She usually spent two hours every morning in such meditation, extracting honey from all occurrences;—whole volumes of which she has left behind her.

Nor was she less solicitous to benefit others, but was filled with a seraphic zeal for the glory of God, and a flaming love for immortal souls, which engaged her to promote religion to the utmost, both in a public and private channel, even using personal labours, and in melting and powerful strains, aim to rescue souls from ruin.

Such was the amiable and beloved Countess of Warwick in her life, and her death was correspondent. Just prior to her departure she addressed some ladies, saying, "Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, much as I love you;" and soon after she died in the actual exercise of prayer, realizing what she

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had often solicited: "That if she might choose the manner and circumstance of her death, she would die praying."

MRS. CATHERINE BRETTERG.

CATHERINE BRETTERG was born in Cheshire, about the year 1580. From a child (like Timothy of old,) she was a diligent student in the Holy Scriptures; she was temperate in her use of the lawful things of this world, and carefully avoided the vain pleasures and fashions of the world. The company of God's people was her delight; and it was her pleasure to resort to the sanctuary of the Lord.

She was so blameless in her whole course of life, that the enemies of religion had nothing justly to say against her; and all the people of God who knew her, held her in the highest estimation.

This excellent woman, in the commencement of her last sickness, was grievously exercised with great conflicts of soul; but she was mercifully supported under this severe trial; and in the fulness of time the victory was graciously communicated to her. Her dependance on God for relief of mind from her state of trial is beautifully manifested by the following holy and fervent prayer:—"O Lord

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God of my salvation, help my weakness, plead my cause, for in thee do I trust! O blessed Saviour, perfect the work, I humbly beseech thee, which thou hast begun in me."

Also, her gratitude to God for deliverance from her conflict, is suitably expressed in the subsequent thanksgiving:—"Oh, my God, blessed be thy name for evermore; who hath shown me the path of life. Thou didst, O Lord, hide thy face from me for a little season, but with everlasting mercy thou hast had compassion on me. And now, blessed Lord, thy comforting presence is come; yea, Lord, thou hast had respect to thy handmaid, and art come with fulness of joy, and abundance of consolation."

When the time of her departure was near at hand, with a sweet countenance she lifted up her feeble voice, saying, "My warfare is accomplished, and my iniquity is pardoned. Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? and I have none on earth besides thee." After which, she prayed, and praised God again, and soon yielded up her soul in joy and peace to her Creator and Redeemer. She died May 31st, 1601, aged twenty-two years.

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LADY ELIZABETH BROOKE,

Was born in Sussex, 1601, of the honourable family of the Culpeppers, of Wigsale; and was married, when about nineteen years of age, to Sir Robert Brooke, knt.

She was a lady of many earthly accomplishments; but her greatest glory was sincere and exalted religion. The best of things had her youngest and best of days; and as she began, so she continued through the glorious course of a long life, till she arrived at that distinguished character, "an old disciple."

Not only was she made wise to salvation, but became one of the most intelligent of her sex, especially in divinity; for her knowledge of God's word not only embraced the practical, but extended to the doctrinal and critical parts.

In her life of practical religion, she exemplified much Christian purity, much heavenly love, much natural beneficence and generosity; all which acts were kept in constant motion by private and internal devotion; for closet prayer and meditation, a diligent search of holy Scripture, and heartfelt enjoyment of God, were the solace of her life, and the delight of her soul.

Oh, how she loved the Sabbath and the house of

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her God; affliction was doubled, when prevented thereby from entering his earthly courts; for the public ordinances of that public day, were to her soul like a young heaven upon earth. In short, she had the knowledge of a divine; the faith, holiness, and zeal of a real Christian; the wisdom of the serpent, joined to the innocency of the dove. She had the power of godliness, and spread a glory over her profession: serious, but not melancholy; cheerful, but without levity. She was thankful to God for all his mercies, possessed the deepest views of her need of Jesus, depended exclusively on his merits and satisfaction, and renounced all her own works in the grand article of justification before God.

In her concentrated the various excellencies of the several eminent women on sacred writ: She was *A Sarah* to her husband;

A Eunice to her children;
A Lois to her grand children;
A Lydia to God's ministers;
A Martha to her guests;
A Dorcas to the poor; and
An Ann to her God.

The conclusion of her life was a long confinement—first to her chamber, then to her couch, and last of all to her bed; but patience had her

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perfect work. After which she expired almost insensibly; enjoying an easy passage to that happiness which is the free gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

MRS. ANN MARIA SCHURMAN.

THIS lady was a descendant of a noble protestant family in Germany, and was born at Cologne in 1607. The powers of her mind were very great, which she employed in the acquisition of a very considerable stock of literature, and became skilled in many languages; for the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were so familiar to her, that she not only wrote, but spoke them fluently, to the surprise of many learned men: in addition to which, she had a competent knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and was held in the highest reputation by several, of the greatest learning in her time.

In the latter part of her life, the religious temper of her mind, and feelings of her heart, increased; and setting little value on her literary honours, or extraordinary accomplishments, she became most zealously concerned to obtain the favour of God, as the richest of treasures and highest of pleasures. After this great change of sentiments

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and conduct, she wrote an account of her life in Latin, in which she mentions several remarkable circumstances concerning herself.

During her last illness, she declared her full satisfaction in religion; and after suffering much from her disorder, expressed herself in the following words: "I have proceeded one step farther towards eternity; and if the Lord should please to increase my pains, it will be no cause of sorrow; the will of my God is all to me; I follow him. How good is it to be in the hands of God! But it will be still better for me when I shall enjoy more full communion with him, among the children of God, in the abodes of the blessed. I have nothing more to desire in this world."

In the last night of her life, she said to one who watched with her: "I am almost continually impressed with a sentiment of this nature—A Christian must suffer.—This sentiment comforts me in my pains, and supports me that I faint not. Oh how good it is to remain in silence and patience before God! My most beneficent Father has not dealt with me as with his servant Job, whose friends were with him seven days in silence, and then addressed him with bitter words. But how sweet and comfortable are the impressions which I feel!"——

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF THE RHINE.

This Lady was the eldest daughter of Frederic 5th, Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, by Ann, daughter of James 1st, King of England, and was born in the year 1620.

She possessed only a small territory. But governed it with great judgment and attention to the happiness of her subjects; she made it a rule to hear, one day in every week, all such cases as were brought before her, and on these occasions her wisdom, justice, and moderation, were very conspicuous. She frequently remitted forfeitures in cases where the parties were poor, or in any respect worthy of favour. It was also remarkable that she often introduced religious considerations as motives to harmonize contending parties.

In the year 1677, the famous William Penn paid her a visit, and was treated by her with great respect. The following account of her is taken from his works:

"The meekness and humility of this princess was extraordinary; she never considered the quality, but merit of her visiters; and if she heard of any retired man seeking the knowledge of a better world, she was sure to set him down in the

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catalogue of her charity, if he wanted it. I have casually seen, I believe, fifty tokens of her benevolence sealed and directed to the several poor subjects of her bounty, whose distance prevented them from being personally known to her. Thus, though she kept no sumptuous table in her own court, she spread the tables of the poor in their solitary cells.

"She was abstemious in her living, and in apparel void of all vain ornaments; but her mind had a noble prospect, for her eye was to the best and most lasting inheritance. Being once at Hamburg, a religious person (whom she went to see for the sake of religion) remarked to her, 'It was too great an honour for him to receive a visitant of her quality, who was allied to so many great kings and princes of this world; to which she humbly replied, 'If they were religious as well as great, it would be an honour indeed, but if you knew what that greatness is, as well as I do, you would value it less.'

"After a religious meeting we had with her, she was much affected, and said, 'It is a hard thing to be faithful to what one knows. O the way is straight! I am afraid I am not weighty enough in my spirit to walk in it.'

"I cannot forget her last words, when I took

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leave of her; 'Let me,' said she, 'desire you to remember me, though I live at so great a distance, and you should never see me more. Be assured that though my condition subjects me to divers temptations, yet my soul has strong desires after the best things.'

"She lived till the age of sixty years, and then died at her house in Herwerden, in the year 1680, as much lamented as she had been beloved by her people. To her real worth, I do, with a religious gratitude, dedicate this memorial."

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

This Lady was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and was born 1636. Naturally she possessed a noble mind, a solid understanding, and an amiable and benevolent temper; and spiritually she affords us an eminent instance, and a highly instructive example of the power of real religion, even in the greatest storms of affliction.

About the year 1669, she was married to the great, the good, but the unfortunate William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, who was cruelly and unjustly beheaded, July 21, 1683, in the reign of Charles the 2d.

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During the sad period of her beloved and illustrious husbands' troubles, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at his trial; and when the attorney-general told him "He might employ one of his servants in waiting to take notes of the evidence for his use," Lord Russell answered, "he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him." The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress: a thrill of anguish instantly ran through the assembly. After his condemnation she threw herself at the king's feet, and pleaded the great merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband; but his majesty, with dry eyes and a stony heart, refused her request, though the daughter of that Southampton who was the best friend he ever had in his life.

When the painful day of separation came, her conduct was still worthy of the highest admiration; for, without a sigh or tear, she spoke the last farewell to her husband, and he parted from his lady with a composed silence, observing, after her departure, "The bitterness of death is now past."

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For they loved and esteemed each other beyond expression.

After his death she was concerned to behave herself properly under the afflicting hand of God, and to fulfil the duties which now devolved exclusively upon herself, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness of her children; those living remains of her lord, who had been so dear to him, and who were for his sake as well as her own so dear to herself.

The following short extracts from a few of her letters evince the spirituality of her mind, the benefits she derived from her afflictions, and her comfortable hopes of future rest and felicity:

Lady Russell to Doctor Fitzwilliam.

"You, my friend, who knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but few can glory in the happiness of living with such an one, and few consequently can lament the like loss. Who must but shrink at such a blow, till, by the mighty aid of the Holy Spirit, they let the gift of God, which he has put into their hearts, interpose? Oh, if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected: for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior conso-

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lation to supply this loss! No; I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business than to rid my soul from sin, and secure my eternal interest; to bear with patience and courage my eminent misfortunes, and ever, hereafter, to be above the smiles and frowns of it; and having finished the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, joyfully to wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be counted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom I grieve.

From the enticing delights of the world, I can after this event be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. All relish now is gone. I bless God for it, and pray I may more and more turn the stream of my affection upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually, that either his glory, justice, or power, is advancing by every one of them; and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day, with ravishing delight, behold!

"It is the grace of God which disposes me to ask after, and thirst after, such comforts as the world cannot give: what comforts it can give I

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am most sure I have felt, and experienced to be uncertain and perishing. Such I will never more, the grace of God assisting, seek after; and yet I expect a joyful day after some mournful ones; and though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil; humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save in the day of trouble. He knows my sorrows, and the weakness of my person; I commit myself and mine to him."

To Lady Essex, she wrote as follows:

"I beseech God, one day, to speak peace to our afflicted minds, and not to suffer us to be disappointed of our great hope; but we must wait for our day of consolation, till this world passes away. An unkind and trustless world this has been to us. Why it has been such God knows best. All his dispensations serve the end of his providences; and they are ever beautiful and must be good, and good to every one of us; and even those dismal ones are to us, if we can bear evidence to our own souls, that we are better for our afflictions; which is often the case with those who suffer wrongfully. We may reasonably believe our friends have found that rest we yet but hope for; and what better comfort can you or I desire in this valley of the shadow of death we are walk-

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ing through? The rougher our path is, the more delightful and ravishing will be the exchange."

She survived Lord Russell above forty years, and continued his widow to the end of her life. She died in 1723, in the eighty seventh year of her age.

Her declaration just before her peaceful end was, "God has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity; but has enabled me, in some measure, to rejoice in him as my portion for ever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life; where there is no death, nor any pain or trouble, but fulness of joy in the presence of him who made us, and who will love us for ever."

MRS. JANE RATCLIFFE.

WAS born 1638; her superior faith and godliness render her a proper subject for these memoirs.

In early life she indulged herself in many of the follies and vanities of her time; but being convinced of their fatal tendency, she utterly renounced them, and placed her affections on those things which

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concerned her eternal peace. At her entrance upon religion she rather feared than loved God, but he afterwards quieted her troubled spirit, and settled her in the comforts of his love. We pass over the intermediate parts of her circumspect life, and come to the closing scene; there she appeared to be lifted high above the love of life and the fears of death. The following is an extract from her own expressions:

"I desire to die," said she, "because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love and long for; and the sweet fellowship of angels and saints, who would be glad to see me with them, as I should be to see them about me, and who would entertain me with unwearied delight.

"I desire to die, because while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged and banished child from my fathers house.

"I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his Holy Spirit: for his loving kindness is better than life, and he is abundant in mercy to me; and the fear of displeasing him often lies as a heavy load upon my heart.

"I desire to die, because this world is infected

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with the plague of sin, and I myself am tainted with the same disease; so that while I live here I shall be in danger of being infected, and of infecting others.

"I desire to die, because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable contentment.

"With regard to my children, I am not troubled; for that God who hath given them life and breath, and all they have, while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead.—My God will be their God if they be his; and if not, what comfort will it be for me to live to behold it? Life would be bitter to me if I should see them dishonour God, whom I so greatly love.

"I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the soul from the body, and that is but a shadow of the body of death. Rom. vii. 24. Whereas the separation of the soul from God by sin, and of soul and body for sin, is death indeed. Isaiah lix. 2.

"I fear not death, because it is a foe which has been often vanquished, and because I am armed against it; and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory."

For her comfort in her last hours she composed some particulars of the principal mercies and blessings she had received from her God.

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"How shall I," she observed, "praise God for my conversion?—for his word, both in respect of my love to it, and the wonderful consolation I have had from it?—for hearing my prayers?—for godly sorrow?—for fellowship with the godly?—for joy in the Holy Spirit?—for the desire of death?—for contempt of the world?—for private helps and comforts?—for giving me some strength against my sins?—for preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling?"

In the last sickness, which was of long continuance, she was deeply sensible of the dangers and miseries that attend our progress through life; and often implored God to remove her into a better world, saying, in the words of David, "Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation! Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me! O Lord make haste to help me!" And at length she was relieved in the most comfortable manner; for her spirit departed from her body when it was expected she had only fallen asleep. She thus calmly entered into rest, on August 17th, 1638.

MRS. ANN BAYNARD,

WAS descended from an ancient and respectable family in Lancashire, and born in the year 1672.

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She possessed great powers of mind, understood the classical languages, and made considerable acquisitions in arts and sciences; but after all those attainments and endowments, she declared, with St. Paul, "That she counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." Phil. iii. 8.

Thus she wisely accounted all human learning as worth but little, unless used as a handmaid to religion. "What avails," said she, "Solomon's skill in the works of nature, if by nature we are not brought to see the God of nature? What avails being skillful in astronomy, if we never study to arrive at those blessed regions? What advantage is skill in arithmetic, if we do not learn to number our days, and apply our hearts to wisdom? What use is it for a physician to know either how to prevent or heal the diseases of the body, if he knew not where to find the balm of Gilead, the wine and oil of the good Samaritan, to pour into the wounds of his own soul?

The mind of this excellent female was highly lifted above the gaieties and splendours of this vain world. She knew the sweet pleasures of religion, and had no relish for minor felicities. She most highly venerated her God, and made it her constant work to promote his honour. She bitterly

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deplored the errors, follies, and vices of the age; and not only made strong intercessions with God on their behalf, but sought their benefit by friendly reproof and the best of counsels. Thus she lived; and in this delightful work her master found her when he called her to a better world. The period of her life and labours were of short duration, for at the youthful age of twenty-five years, she died at Barnes, in Surry, on June 12th, 1697.

Upon her grave is the following inscription:

"Mortals, how few among your race
Have given this thought its weight:
That on this slender moment hangs
Your everlasting state!"

QUEEN MARY, CONSORT OF WILLIAM THE THIRD,

Was the daughter of James the second, and was born in the year 1661. From earliest life she was most happily disposed, being good and gentle, before she was capable of knowing it was her duty to be so; which temper continued through all her childhood, so that she never gave, in the whole course of her education, one occasion for reproof. And in connexion with the most amiable temper, she

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possessed a great understanding, and a mind highly cultivated with the most useful learning and knowledge.

She was married, when sixteen years of age, to the Prince of Orange and went to reside in Holland, where she deservedly gained universal esteem and affection; but her greatest ornament was a truly religious temper, which made her view with indifference all the honours of her exalted station, and seek for her highest pleasures in doing good, in peace of mind, and in the hope of a better life.

In proof of her superior merit, King William, who best knew her excellency and his own loss by her decease, declared to Dr. Tennison, when endeavouring to comfort him; "I cannot but grieve, since I have lost a wife who in seventeen years, never was guilty of an indiscretion. During the whole course of our marriage, I never perceived the least fault in her; she possessed a worth which nobody knew but myself."

In Queen Mary, real religion shone amidst the magnificence of a court, and the sunshine of worldly prosperity; for it is a principle of universal agency, adapted on one hand as a sure preservation in

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prosperity, and on the other as a sovereign remedy for all the calamities of human life.

This good queen spent a great part of her time in perusing the Holy Scriptures and other pious books, and was most thoroughly established in the principles of the reformation.

Also her compassion to the poor and afflicted was eminently liberal; but the crowning act of her charity was an exact conformity to the gospel rule: for none knew to whom or what she gave, but those whom she was obliged to employ in communicating her bounty to others.

Her religion was an occasion of bitterness to the wicked, for the aboundings of impiety, blasphemy, and open contempt to all good, much prevailed around her, and gave her a secret horror, a gloomy prospect for the nation, and a mind filled with most melancholy reflections; and when any of the wicked pretended zeal for the crown, she often said, "Can a blessing be expected from such hands, or on any thing that must pass through them." Next to open impiety, the deadness and disunion among protestants in general, much afflicted her, and caused her frequently to repeat with poignant regret, "Can such dry bones live?"

She had an humble view of herself, and made God her only refuge. In her brightest seasons she

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watched against security, holding the pleasures of life with a true indifference ; and in affliction she found quietude and resignation : thus referring herself to God's disposal, she observed, "If she did not wish for death, she did not fear it." And when her dissolution appeared, she praised her God that she was willing and ready to die, yea, at the closing scene, the power of religion gave her such support as her last and greatest agonies could not shake. Thus died this most excellent princess, passing from an earthly to a heavenly diadem, "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

This Lady was another branch of the noble family of Huntingdon, which produced "chief women not a few." She was born April 19th, 1682, and in her life, sufferings, and death, we have a most lively proof of the efficacy of real religion.

Her tender age was remarkable for an ingenuous temper, a quickness of intellect, a flexibility of nature, a benevolent spirit, and a solemn sense of divine things ; and in dangerous ascent of life, her feet were guided and preserved in the paths of

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rectitude, so that she was not merely kept from grosser evils, but rose superior to the world, and all its vain and trifling amusements. Through the whole course of life her lamp burned brightly, and in age diffused its light and influence to a wide extent around her.

It appears the principal aim of her life was to promote the glory of God, and the welfare of mankind. Hence her extensive fortune, her personal talents, and every means she enjoyed were continually employed for the benefit of her fellow-creatures, especially the stranger, the fatherless, the widow, the lame, the halt, the blind, the needy, and him that had no helper: thus she spent her noble life in imitation of her divine master, "going about doing good."

Towards the close of life she experienced great bodily afflictions from a cancer in the breast, for which she underwent an amputation; but in this and every affliction, "religion bore her spirits up," and kept her mind not only in a patient, but even grateful feeling. "I would not wish," said she, "to be out of my present situation for all the world, nor exchange it for any other, at any price."

She was, sooner than expected, restored to a comfortable state of health, and to that life of beneficence which was the joy of her heart; but her dis-

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order was only repressed for a time, it appeared again with new malignity, and at last put a termination to her sorrows.

A short period prior to her departure, impressed with a strong sense of the divine goodness, she broke out in raised accents: "Lord! what is it I see! Oh the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me! that is before me! So joyful was her abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom, where she was admitted 1740. Her life was adorned with the beauty of holiness. Her faith ventured exclusively on the righteousness and blood of Jesus for salvation. She willingly bore the cross upon earth, and now she wears the conqueror's crown above.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE,

Was the daughter of the Rev. Walter Signer, a very respectable dissenting minister, and was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in the year 1674.

She discovered early proofs of the finest talents; and as her strongest bent was to poetry, she began to write verses at twelve years of age, for which class of writing she was peculiarly adapted by her possessing uncommon elements of mind, and exquisite sensibility.

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She manifested a pious and devout disposition, even when very young, for in one of her pious addresses, she herself thus speaks to God: "My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know the God of my fathers."

Her uncommon merit and splendid accomplishments procured her many suitors; but her choice was a Mr. Thomas Rowe, a gentleman of great worth and learning, to whom she was married, 1710. This connexion proved happy, but was of short duration; for the husband of her youth died of a consumption at twenty-eight years of age, having lived with his amiable consort scarcely five years. The elegy which she composed on his death is one of her best poems.

After the decease of her dear and only husband, the world appeared less attractive than ever. She retired to her estate at Frome, and there spent the residue of her days. In this retreat the religious temper of her soul increased, and here she wrote the greater part of her works.

Her book, entitled "Devout Exercises of the Heart," has been extensively read and commended. This work she sealed up, and directed to be delivered to Dr. Watts, after her decease; with a letter to him, giving an account both of the work

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and of herself. The letter contains so much of the Christian that we shall insert a part of it here:

"The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hope that they may have the same salutary effect on some pious minds, as the reading the experiences of others had on my own soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than the theory of it; and if, when I am sleeping in the dust, those soliloquies should kindle a flame of divine love even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great spring of all grace and benignity.

"I have now done with all moral things, and all to come is vast eternity! Eternity! how transporting is the sound! as long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever. I shall drink at the fountain head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of orignal life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony, speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer, for pardon

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and salvation: this is my only consolation and hope. Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Through the blood of the Lamb I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that before this comes to you I shall have reached the celestial heights; and, while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love." Amen.

On the commencement of the attack which first threatened her life, she complained that her mind was not quite so serene and prepared to meet death as usual; but from the contemplation of the atonement and intercession of Christ, she afterwards derived such confidence and satisfaction, that she exclaimed with tears of joy, "I know not that I ever felt the like in all my life." She had almost recovered her usual health, and had been conversing with a friend, in high spirits, when she retired to her chamber for extraordinary devotion, as was her custom on Saturday evenings. The servant shortly after heard a noise, and going to her mistress, found her fallen on the floor in an apoplexy, which terminated her life the next morning, Feb. 23, 1737, aged 63. A devotional book was lying open before her, and

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some loose papers, on which she had written the following lines:

"Oh guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak and let me know thy heavenly will!
And whisper heavenly comforts to my soul!

MRS. DARRACOTT.

This lady was a descendant from those faithful witnesses for faith and a good conscience, the non-conformist ministers. She not only enjoyed the purest instruction in the knowledge of Christ from her infancy, but early in life realized the power and salvation of Christ her Redeemer, and gave herself up to the Lord and to his church at seventeen years of age. Upon this early consecration to God she oftentimes afterwards reflected with gratitude and delight, observing, towards the end of her race, that she had been enabled to serve, the Lord nearly seventy years.

At the age of twenty-eight she was married to the Rev. Risdon Daracott, who was properly designated "The star of the west;" but whose glorious course was suddenly interrupted by an early death, in the forty-second year of his age. After which

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dissolution of a most endeared connexion, Mrs. Darracott remained a widow till death.

With a mind well instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, combined with a constant and diligent attention to secret religion, she at once honoured and adorned outwardly, and enjoyed internally, the gospel of God our Saviour. Her wise and cheerful piety, rendered her, in most advanced years, both an agreeable and useful companion to her young acquaintances.

She frequently dwelt with unusual pleasure on the divine fidelity towards her through life, especially since her widowhood; and recommended, in the most encouraging manner, to her children, and childrens' children, to trust that God who had performed all his precious promises to her with punctilious veracity.

When infirmities and years advanced on her she was confined from the public means of grace, a privation she severely felt, and often said with peculiar emphasis, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honour dwelleth:" but as the word dwelt richly with her, she found the sweetest consolations from recollecting parts of Scripture, and drawing some of the songs of Zion from the rich stores of her sanctified memory.

For some considerable time she might have been

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said to die daily, living in constant expectation of the approach of death. At length she received a more decisive summons of departure, about a week preceding the execution of the sentence; but she lay without fear, or pain, or struggle, waiting her dismission. Her last words were, "Come dear Jesus, come," and the next day she breathed forth her spirit into the Redeemer's bosom. She died 28th Dec. 1799, aged eighty-six.

MRS. TALBOT.

THIS excellent lady was the wife and widow of the Rev. Wm. Talbot, Rector of St. Giles', Reading, Berks, an eminently evangelical, and holy minister, whom she survived eleven years, and who was the predecessor of the famous and Rev. Mr. Cadogan.

Mrs. Talbot was a pattern of female piety, adorning the doctrines of God our Saviour in all things. She was a real helpmate to her husband, particularly in assisting him to visit the sick and needy, and in catechising the children of his flock; and she rejoiced to share with him in those crosses and reproaches which are the certain badge of the followers of the Lamb of God.

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In the dark afflicted and unexpected dispensation of her husbands death, she manifested a deportment which did honour to her religion. He was in London on business when tidings arrived of his being ill of a putrid fever. Few can conceive of her distress of mind, and with what agony she wrestled with God on behalf of his soul and body. At last a sweet calm succeeded, and she felt such peace of mind as enabled her to give her beloved partner to the Lord, as a free-will offering, whether for life or death. From that moment, through grace, there was not a single murmur; but "thy will be done!" was the language of her whole heart. Soon after, Mrs. Talbot received the awful tidings of his departure, but she seemed more like an angel rejoicing to receive this new inhabitant into glory, than a destitute widow, losing her beloved partner, and her all on earth.

After his dissolution she returned to Reading, to wait her own decease, and to become a nursing mother to her late husband's flock. There she employed her sacred hours in helping the poor and sick, in strengthening and comforting the young believers, and in praying for the conversion of the new vicar, who then preached salvation by the deeds of the law, and was a violent foe to evangelical doctrines, and to experimental religion, but

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who afterwards became valiant for the truth, and who, to the last moment of his life, confessed, to the praise of God, that Mrs. Talbot was the principal means of leading him to the saving knowledge of Christ.

Her life was uniform christianity. Christ was always precious. Her conversation was always savoury and spiritual. She was always dead to the world, and ripe for glory; and as a noble friend expressed, "she never saw Mrs. Talbot, but she seemed quite ready for her journey, with every thing packed up, and the carriage at the door, having nothing to do but to enter it, and take her flight to glory."

On the day she was seized with her last illness, she said, "Jesus is all in all; and frequently observed, "That she felt as though all behind her head were darkness and sorrow, and all before her face light and gladness." Soon after she said.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
"O how I long for thee!
"When shall my labours have an end,
"Thy joys when shall I see?"

Not long before her flight the Rev. Mr. Cadogan asked her, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" She answered, with uncommon rap-

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ture, "Nothing, nothing, nothing." Her last words were, "pray, pray, pray, !" Her lips were still perceived to move, as though in prayer, and faintly to utter the words, "Shepherd and Guide!"

Death in its lovliest form was now upon her countenance, it was a sight calculated to confirm the hope of every christian; and while Mr. Cadogan committed her spirit to her God, she fell asleep without a groan, Nov. 1785, aged sixty.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SELINA COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THIS great peeress and great christian was the daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, was born Aug. 24, 1707, and was married June 3, 1728, to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, both of which houses bear the royal arms of England, as descendants from her ancient monarchs.

When about nine years of age, the sight of a corpse about her own age, carried to the grave, engaged her to attend the funeral, and there the first impressions of deep seriousness about an eternal world laid hold upon her conscience, and with many tears she cried earnestly to God on the spot, that

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whenever he should be pleased to take her away, he would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure. She often afterwards visited the grave, and always preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

Though no clear views of divine truth had yet illuminated her mind, she frequently retired to her closet and poured out her heart to God; but a dangerous illness having soon after this brought her to the grave, God graciously sanctified the dispensation of his providence, in leading her to renounce every other hope, and venture for salvation wholly upon Jesus Christ; her disorder speedily took a favourably turn, and she was not only restored to perfect bodily health, but raised up to spiritual life, and determined to walk in newness of life.

The great change thus wrought on her ladyship became evident to all around her, by her open confession of that faith once delivered to the saints, and by her zealous support of the cause of God, amidst all the reproach with which it was attended.

To the noble circle in which she moved, such professions and conduct appeared wonderously strange; but she had set her face as a flint, and refused to be ashamed of Christ and his cross. There were not wanting some, indeed, who, under pretended friendship, wished Lord Huntingdon to interpose

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his authority; but though he differed from his lady in sentiment, he continued to manifest the same affection and respect, yet solicited she would oblige him by conversing with Bishop Benson on the subject, to which request she readily acquiesced.

The venerable Bishop accordingly came, but she pressed him so hard with articles and homilies, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station under the great head of the church, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitfield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the change wrought in her ladyship. She called him back, saying, "my lord, mark my words—when you come upon your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency." It deserves noticing, that the Bishop, on his dying bed, sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitfield, as a token of his favour and approbation, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers.

Lady Huntingdon's heart was truly engaged to God, and she resolved, to her best ability, to lay herself out to do good. The poor around her were the natural objects of her bounty. These she relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, and led them to their knees, praying with them

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and for them. The late Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, one day in court, asked a lady of fasion, Lady Charlotte E***, where my Lady Huntingdon was that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The prince shook his head and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven."

During Lord Huntingdon's life she warmly espoused the cause of God and truth; though her means were circumscribed, and her family engagements demanded much of her time and attention: but on the demise of her lord, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ, and the souls redeemed by his blood; her zealous heart cordially embraced all whom she esteemed real christians, but in her own sentiment was Calvinistic; according to the literal sense of the articles of the Church of England, and with an intention of usefulness she opened her house in Park-street, for the preaching of the gospel; supposing, as a peeress of the realm, that she had an indisputable right to enjoy, as her family chaplains, those ministers of the church whom she patronized. On the week days her kitchen was filled with the poor, and on

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the sabbath, the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where Messrs. Whitfield, Romaine, Jones, and others faithfully addressed to them all the words of this life, and were heard with apparently deep and serious attention.

The illness of her younger son, which proved fatal, had led her ladyship to Brighton for the sake of sea-bathing. At this place the following singular fact occurred, which Lady Huntingdon related to Mr. Toplady, and which is published from his own manuscript in his posthumous works:

A gentlewoman who lived in the vicinity of Brighton, dreamed that a tall lady, whose dress she particularly noticed, would come to that town, and be an instrument of doing much good. It was about three years after this dream that Lady Huntingdon went thither; and one day the above woman met her ladyship in the street, and on seeing her said, "Oh madam, you are come!" Lady Huntingdon, surprised at the singularity of such an address from an entire stranger, thought at first the woman was insane. "What do you know of me?" asked the countess. "Madam," replied the person "I saw you in a dream three years ago, dressed just as you are now;" and then related the whole dream to her. In consequence of the ac-

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quaintance which was immediately formed between them, Lady Huntingdon was made instrumental to the conversion of her soul, and she died about a year after in the triumph of faith.

The active spirit of Lady Huntingdon having produced some good among the people, induced her to erect a small chapel close to her house at Brighton, this was the first fruits of her great increase since which it has been enlarged a second, a third, and a fourth time. For the erection of this chapel Lady Huntingdon sold her jewels, the following account of which cannot fail to interest the reader:

	£	s.	d.
2 13 ⋈ drops	400	0	0
28 13 ⋈ 3	90	0	0
37 pearls at £4 15s 5d each	170	15	0
Seed Pearls	10	0	0
Gold Box	23	0	0
	£693	15	0

O happy soul, that thus couldst treat,
The toys thy sex esteem so high;
Thou, when God's jewels are complete,
Shalt shine a diamond in the sky.

J. K. F.

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The success attending this first effort, encouraged greater. Bath, the resort of fashion, beheld an elegant and commodious place of worship raised by the same liberal hand. Bristol, Worcester, Swansea, Tunbridge-wells, and many other places, received the gospel by her means.

For the supply of these and other chapels, her ladyship first confined herself to ministers of the established church, many of whom accepted her invitation, and laboured in the places which she had opened; but her zeal enlarged with her success, and she multiplying her vast and commodious chapels, the ministers who had supplied for her ladyship were unequal to the task; and some were unwilling to move in so extensive a sphere, especially as it began to feel great opposition, and to be branded as irregular. In order, therefore, to provide proper persons for the work, she retired to South Wales, and erected a chapel and college in the parish of Talgarth, in Brecknockshire, for training young men to the work of the ministry; this college was opened 1768. A singular circumstance which occurred the same year, rendered the opening of the college especially seasonable. Six young men had been expelled from the University of Oxford, for the heinous offence of singing, praying, and expounding the scriptures. But when Alma Ma-

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ter proved a cruel step-mother, and the heads of the houses pushed with their horns, Lady Huntingdon formed a nusery in the wilderness The college was provided with able teachers, and soon filed with students, and from thence regular supplies were sent to the increasing congregations under her patronage.

Her ladyship still persevered, devising plans for the diffusion of the gospel, especially in places where satans seat was erected; hence the metropolis itself, that emporium of error and dissipation, was not forgotten by her benevolent and ardent mind. A large building in Spa-fields, called the Pantheon, had been erected for the purpose of entertaining parties of pleasure, especially on the Lord's day. The Rev. Herbert Jones, and William Taylor, two clergymen, engaged with others in taking the place for religious worship, and it was opened July 6, 1777, with a sermom from the former, from that truly appropriate text, Gen. xxviii. 19. "and he (Jacob) called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." The house will contain more than 2000, and its local situation is highly favourable for catching stragglers and the curious: some of whom there found the Saviour. On account of a suit instituted by the rector of the parish, in the spiritual court (so called,) against the clergymen

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who officiated there, Lady Huntingdon took the chapel on her own hands, and some years after, not wearied in well-doing, purchased another large place in Whitechapel, which had been erected for a theatre, is capable of containing 5000 persons, and bears the name of Sion Chapel.

Though Lady Huntingdon devoted all her substance to the Gospel, yet it is very surprising how her income sufficed for the immensity of expense in which she involved herself, her jointure was but 1200*l* per annum, and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she received the addition of another 1000. But the Lord always brought her most honourably through her difficult engagements, and when her own money was exhausted, provided her with a supply which sometimes came in a most unexpected way and manner.

Lady Huntingdon was rather above the middle size, her presence noble and commanding respect, her address very engaging, her intelligence acute, her diligence indefatigable, and the constant labour of her thought and correspondence inconceivable. The following interesting anecdote will illustrate the accuteness of her mind :—A young nobleman walking in company with the countess, asserted, "that it appeared most incredible to him,

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that the great, eternal, almighty God, should condescend to become a man." Her ladyship pointing to an ant hill, which cassually met her eye, inquired, "my lord, were you possessed of those perfections you have mentioned, and wished to convey some intelligence to these ants, how would you accomplish your purpose?" His lordship replied, "I must become an ant."

Never was creature more dead to the world or to all self-indulgence. Dr. Haweis said, he believed, during the many years he was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed only the gown she wore. And the Rev. Mr. Eyre observed, at the opening of Cheshunt college, that he called on her ladyship once with a person from the country; when they came out, the gentleman turned his eyes towards the house, and after a short pause exclaimed, "What a lesson! can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in a house so meanly furnished; and I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and splendour? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God, and so much for folly.

But her most distinguishing excellency was, the fervent zeal which always burned in her bosom, to extend the gospel of God's grace; no disappoint-

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ment could quench it, no labour slacken, no opposition discourage it, no progress of years abate it; but it flamed brightest and strongest in her latest moments. The world has very seldom beheld such a character; but if asked was she a perfect character? No; this is not the lot of mortals here: for when the moon walks in her brightness, then her shadows are most visible; and defects in such as her must be seen, for as a puritan writer remarked, "that a speck in scarlet is more visible than a great stain in russet."

In Nov. 1790, Lady Huntingdon broke a blood-vessel, which was the beginning of her last illness. On being asked by Lady Ann Erskine how she did, she replied, "I am well, all is well, well for ever! I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory!!" As death drew nearer, though it was delayed for several months, she often repeated, with great emphasis, "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh! O Lady Ann, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh!" adding, "the thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable, whether I shall see his glory more abundantly appear, or whether it be an intimation of my own departure to him. On the very day of her death, she conversed about sending missionaries to Otaheite. She had often in her lifetime mentioned

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that from the first moment that God had set her soul at liberty, she had such a desire for the conversion of souls, that she compared herself to a ship in full sail before the wind, and that she was carried on by such a divine influence as was not easily to be described.

She appeared, during the tedious days and nights of pain and sickness, engaged in prayer, and filled with gratitude for the unutterable mercies she had experienced; saying, "I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy, I long to be at home; Oh, I long to be at home!"

An abundant entrance, suitable to a life so influenced, was ministered to her into heaven; for almost her last words were, "my work is done, I have nothing to do but go to my Father;" and repeatedly said: "I shall go to my Father this night." Her ladyship died at her house in Spafields, June 17, 1791, aged 84 years.

At her death she left her chapels to trustees and executors for the continuance of the same plan; not fewer, perhaps more than 100,000 persons have the gospel preached to them by these means.

The value of such an interesting life, as that which is here narrated, can never be ascertained; with so contracted a purse, what wonders was she enabled to perform! She maintained the college

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at her sole expense, she erected chapels in most parts of the kingdom, and she supported ministers who were sent to preach in the various parts of the world. What a multitude who had never seen her face in the flesh, were waiting with rapture to receive her happy spirit into the mansions of everlasting glory. May we live her holy life, die her happy death, and participate in her felicity; glory above. Amen.

MRS. HANNAH WOODD.

This lady was born at Richmond, in Surry, April 19th, 1736, and was married to Mr. Basil Woodd, in July, 1759, which union promised a scene of much temporal felicity; but a mysterious providence unexpectedly took away the desire of of her eyes; for on the January following, Mr. Woodd, when absent from home, was siezed with a violent fever, and died on the 12th of that month.

This very severe affliction, God rendered an eventual blessing; for it proved a stroke which severed her mind from worldly prospects, and being rent from the love of the creature, she began more anxiously to seek the knowledge and love of her God.

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In the days of prosperity and earthly joy she observed the moral duties and ritual of religion; but in the sanctified season of adversity, God communicated to her mind deeper views of the depravity of her heart, and her need of a Saviour; the total insufficiency of her own righteousness, and the absolute necessity of the great work of regeneration.

Several pious friends, among whom were the late Mrs. Conyers and Mrs Wilberforce, who had sympathized in her recent affliction, now observed the spiritual concern of her mind, and availed themselves of the circumstance to bring her under the sound of the gospel; there she exchanged mere moral essays for sound evangelical principles, which she received in faith and love, adorned them in her life, and triumphed in them at a dying hour.

From this happy period her amiable disposition was united to the graces of the holy spirit, and in every department of life she was a lovely ornament of the truth as it in Jesus, particularly as a daughter and a mother. As to the first, she constantly attended her father to the last, when he died at the advanced age of 87; who, though much opposed to her religious principles, yet on his dying bed acknowledged, in the most affecting manner his long experience of filial duty, and re-

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gretted he had ever opposed her on account of religious views. And as a mother she was doubly so, for her only son acknowledged, that through divine grace he was indebted to her for his knowledge and love of God, when only 13 years of age.

One part of her conduct must be mentioned here as a striking precedent for others. viz. If there appeared in any of her acquaintance the smallest beginnings of religion, she would watch it with the most tender anxiety; would pray, would weep; would warn, would encourage, and strive with all her powers to fan the spark, and prevent its expiring.

In 1779, it pleased God to lay the foundation of that disease which finally occasioned her death: she was confined to her room for six or seven months, and from that period was much afflicted with great pain and weakness; but as her body grew weaker, her soul was visited with more peculiar manifestations of the light of God's countenance. On the Sabbath preceding her death, she dictated the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Conyers:

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"I have loved you dearly in the christian bonds; I now long to let my dear Dr. Conyers know, that

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I am dying, and not afraid. I trust I am going to my dear father's house. I was never so happy in all the days of my life. I would write to tell you what my soul feels in this blessed prospect, that I might bear my testimony to his grace: that I might refresh your soul, who have so often refreshed mine, and tell you what joy I have in the prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven, and my dear child too.

Your truly Christian Friend,

HANNAH WOODD."

Greenwich Road, Nov. 7. 1784.

On Monday she repeated with great feeling,

"I long to see those hands which made me blest,
Those feet which travell'd to procure my rest;
I long to see that dear, that sacred head,
Which bow'd when on it all my sins were laid,
The angels wait, my Saviour calls—farewell,
I go with him in endless peace to dwell."

"God," said she, addressing her son, "has greatly indulged my desires, has answered my prayers in a wonderful manner; how has he dealt with me, in sparing me so long to see you settled in life. I remember when I used to express my anxiety for your eternal welfare to a friend of mine, he

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always said, in allusion to the story of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, 'go home and make yourself easy; the child of those tears can never perish.' Now my dear when God hath removed me, imitate St. Augustine's behaviour after the death of Monica; do not be dejected; think of the happiness I shall then be enjoying, and say as he said, when some wondered at his cheerfulness, my mother is not a woman to be lamented."

Thus she continued to bear her dying witness of "the joys of God's salvation," till the moment of separation from earth arrived, and at eleven minutes past twelve o'clock she expired, on Friday morning, Nov. 12th, 1784.

When an eminent minister was informed of her decease, and what a glorious testimony she had given on her death bed, he observed, "It was indulgent of God to grant it, but Mrs. Woodd needed no such testimony, her life had been one continued testimony to the truth, and no particular testimony was requisite at her death." There was not a person in the parish who had heard the report, Mrs. Woodd is dead, but as instantly observed, "well, that woman is gone to heaven."

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LADY GLENORCHY,

Was the daughter of Dr. William Maxwell, Esq. of Preston, in Galloway, North Britain and was born at Preston 1742.

In early life this accomplished young lady was filled with vanity, was fond of dress, and ardently attached to gay and fashionable amusements; but in all the bloom of youth, and with all worldly pleasures at her command, she unexpectedly cast herself, her fortune, her honours, and her talents at the feet of the cross of Jesus.

This interesting change was effected in the following way :—After a providential restoration from a severe attack of sickness, about her twenty-third year, her mind involuntarily turned to the first question and answer in the Assembly's Catechism. "What is the chief end of Man?" "It is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever!" These words arrested her attention, and naturally dictated the important queries. Have I answered the end of my being? Have I glorified God? Shall I enjoy him for ever?

Reviewing her past life, she was constrained to answer in the negative to those all-important questions. Her conscience was awakened, and produced great anxiety and fear of soul for a con-

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siderable time; but on reading the 5th chapter of Romans she discovered the way whereby God could be just and yet justify sinners, which gospel intelligence not only enlightened her mind, but relieved her conscience, and restored peace to her soul.

The fruits of her faith soon produced the most unequivocal evidences of her happy change; she openly avowed her religion, renounced the sinful pleasures of the world, and devoted herself to the private, the social, and the public exercises of genuine godliness.

To enlarge the sphere of her usefulness, she retrenched the many personal expenses, denying herself the luxuries of this world, for the superior luxury of doing good. Yea, she even disposed of a beautiful and considerable part of her landed property, and arranged all her affairs in the most suitable manner for employing her life in beneficence, and for continuing her useful designs with success, after her own departure to another world.

In addition to most extensive acts of temporal charity, her attention was greatly directed to the education of the young, hundreds of whom will have to thank her as the honoured instruments of their enjoying a religious education. She also ex-

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erted her influence and ability in publishing and dispersing religious tracts. At her desire and expense a Gaelic translation of "Allein's alarm to the unconverted," was composed, published, and circulated, which work has proved highly useful in the highlands.

But her principal work, and most considerable expense, was the erection of several places for public worship. In Edinburgh she built a large handsome chapel, capable of holding 2000 persons. She erected and endowed a church at Strathfillam, in the parish of Killan. She contributed, in conjunction with Lady Hope, for building a place of worship, at Bristol Hot-wells, which is called Hope chapel. Also, in order to introduce and support the gospel, she purchased a neat chapel at Matloc, in Derbyshire; another at Carlisle; a third at Workington, in Cumberland; and a fourth at Newton Burhill, Devon; all which she left in trust for their original design; in addition to which, she greatly aided the erection of other places; she liberally helped, and frequently entirely supported, able and faithful ministers, whose congregations were too poor to support their pastors, and she educated many young men for the holy ministry.

Thus her bosom glowed with most fervent love to the Redeemer and to lost souls, and after

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all those kind and extensive exertions, none were more fully convinced, or more ready to confess, that we are not justified by our own performances; but only and freely by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

But Lady Glenorchy knew the world too well, not to expect hatred and reproach for the sake of Christ; which, however, in her estimation, was of the smallest consequence; more than most christians, she gloried in the cross of Christ; and the falsehoods frequently propagated against her, she made the subject of the most refined and innocent pleasantry.

Full of plans to glorify God and to do good to men, she arrived at Edinburgh, from Bath, in the beginning of the summer, 1786. Her friends saw with great concern, her declining state of health; she spoke much of death, was persuaded hers was near, and expressed joy at the prospect. Almost her last words were, "If this be dying it is the easiest thing imaginable." Disease prevailed, and she soon expired, in the 44th year of her age, on the 17th July, 1786.

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LADY HENRIETTA HOPE.

THIS Lady was the third daughter of John, Earl of Hopetown, and was naturally formed for eminence, for she possessed an excellent judgment, enriched by extensive information, and united to a heart formed for friendship and replete with sensibility.

Yet though endowed with a mind thus enriched with every moral virtue, it was not till she attained her 25th year, that Lady Hope began to enquire about the great realities of eternity; at that period she saw her absolute need of the one thing needful, which impression was never afterwards effaced.

Being brought from darkness to light, and comforted respecting her own salvation, the grateful language of David became hers—"what shall I render unto the Lord?" And esteeming it both her mercy and duty, she made an entire dedication of herself, and all she possessed, or ever should possess, to that great and gracious God who had dealt so bountiful with her; which sacrifice proved not only sincere, but universal throughout her life.

But from an excess of the deepest humility, Lady Hope permitted the public eye to discover but a very few of her numerous, generous, and

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judicious exertions, for the cause of religion in particular, and the general good of her fellow creatures; yet though unknown to man, her record is on high, and he who said, a cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward, will soon read her acts of faith and labours of love before an assembled world.

However, as neither moral virtue, or the grace of God in the heart, procures the christian an exemption from earthly afflictions, so Lady Hope had to realize the legacy of saints while upon earth; she knew what tribulation was in reference to many distressing bodily complaints, in every one of which genuine religion inspired her mind with christian fortitude and unbroken resignation.

In autumn, 1785, Lady Hope went to Bristol Hot-wells, where, after every medical exertion proving ineffectual, and the medicinal virtues of the Wells yielding no relief, she rendered up her redeemed soul into the hands of her God and Father, January 1st, 1786.

"Of humble spirit, though of taste refin'd,
Her feelings tender, though her will resign'd.
Call'd by affliction, every grace to prove,
In patience perfect, and complete in love.
O'er death victorious, through her Saviour's might,
She reigns triumphant with the saints in light."

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THE HONOURABLE LADY ANN AGNES ERSKINE.

THIS Lady was the daughter of the Earl of Buchan, by a lady of the house of Stuart, and the eldest of a numerous family.

Her early days were spent in Scotland, and from her own communications it appears, that when only seven or eight years of age, she was a partaker of the gracious dealings and drawings of our Lord, which was sweetly manifested by her love to secret prayer.

However, as she grew up, her early impressions wore away, and for some years after, she lived in the fashionable follies of this vain world, very little concerned about an eternal state; but he whose love is unchangeable, had not given her up for ever, for about this time, the Earl of Buchan, on account of family convenience, removed to Bath, where Lady Agnes Erskine soon commenced her most interesting acquaintance with the Countess of Huntingdon.

A growing intimacy with Lady Huntingdon contributed to fix divine truths again in Lady Erskine's mind, and she soon became a professor of the principles of evangelical religion; this delight-

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ful change, together with a congeniality of spirit, engaged lady Huntingdon to invite lady Ann to remain with her as her friend and companion, which solicitation was heartily complied with, and proved equally pleasing and profitable to both, till the termination of Lady Huntingdon's life. During these years, as a helper in the truth, she walked with her aged friend in great affection, and shared in the immensity of cares and engagements with which Lady Huntingdon was involved.

After the demise of Lady Huntingdon, Lady Ann became a prominent person in the management of the college and connexion, which had been so eminently patronized by lady Huntingdon and in this station she manifested the most wise and prudent measures, as well as a devotednes of heart, which made her work and toil for the cause of truth, a pleasure and delight capable of undergoing any labour and difficulty for her Saviour and the souls of men.

This scene of action continued for about twelve years, and through a life of unceasing activity, it was most eminently sanctified by prayer and meditation. The very marks about her Bible display the deep attention it received. Her conversation was always heavenly, and yet none could express a deeper sense of their own unworthiness. Her

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sentiment in this respect was, "That the most holy are the most humble in their own eyes."

And as her race was glorious and useful, so her end was joy and peace; only two or three mornings preceeding her death, she told a friend, "The Lord had met her this morning with so much sweetness of mind, that it seemed as if she was surrounded by God." The day before her departure she told an acquaintance, "she had no presentiment of death;" but added, "be that as it may, God is faithful, and I feel unshaken confidence in him." Her last words were, "How happy am I that my soul is not in hell where I might have been; and added, "The Lord will reveal himself to me tomorrow." She was found sleeping the sleep of death on the next morning, about five o'clock, aged 65 years, more than forty of which had been spent in works of faith and labours of love. GLORY TO GOD!

MRS. LEGARE,

WAS the daughter of a merchant in Charlestown, who had emigrated from Ireland. She was educated in all the gaieties and amusements which the place afforded, and was particularly fond of dancing; but forming an early

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attachment and subsequent union with a Mr. Legare, who was most piously educated, she cheerfully relinquished her diversions, conformed to the religious order of Mr. Legare's family, and assiduously applied herself to domestic duties; yet without evincing any change of heart for some years after her marriage, until it pleased God to renew her soul under the ministry of the apostolic Whitfield.

During the seventeen years from her marriage to her death, a variety of afflictions combined to undermine her constitution, and gradually to produce her approaching dissolution, which was seriously apprehended in September, 1797, and actually experienced the 5th of February, 1798.

In the commencement of her last illness, she complained much of spiritual deadness; but in her Bible, and at a throne of grace, she found grace to maintain an unshaken confidence in the promises, yet frequently observed, "Oh that my Redeemer would shine upon me!" and told Mr. Legare, "that she did not enjoy the sensible presence of her Redeemer, yet she trusted in his blood, and held his promises, which she would never let go, and which made her feel as firm as a rock." All this, with much more, was spoken with the

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greatest serenity, yet with a brilliancy in her eyes never to be forgotten.

But as death advanced her joys arose.—"Now," said she, "my Redeemer smiles;" after which she charged her children "to take care of their father, to live in love, and to be certain of meeting her with peace and joy at the bar of God."

On the sabbath before she died, she observed, "it is sweet to worship God in his church." An elderly lady replied, "Yes, my dear, but you will worship him in heaven to-day." O yes," said Mrs. Legare, and called her daughters to sing the 17th psalm, 2d part, in Dr. Watt's collection.

"Lord I am thine: but thou wilt prove
"My faith, my patience, and my love." &c.

Her last words were, "O where is my rest? I long, I long," and took her flight to God.

Just preceding her decease, her physician came, and found the family with full hearts and wet eyes; her husband asked him, "what he thought of the scene in the next room?" "Indeed, sir," said he, "I know not what to think of it; it is all a mystery to me; I have seen numbers of men, in all the vigour of health, and thirsting for martial honour, rush into the field of battle, and in that confused scene put on the appearance of fortitude, yet not

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one of them could face the gradual approaches of death on a sick bed, without visible horror; but here is a poor emaciated woman, whose whole nervous system is unstrung by long disease, welcoming the grim messenger with the utmost serenity and composure, and even with joy, though approaching in all the horrors of the most gradual progress imaginable, (for she was three days in the agonies of death.) Indeed, sir, it is all a mystery, and I know not how to account for it." "Do you not, sir? (said Mr. Legare,) go to Calvary! You indeed see us, dissolved in tears; but I do not believe that there is a tear in this room extorted by grief. No, sir, they are tears of joy."

The doctor went down stairs, and met a gentleman at the door, who inquired, "How Mrs. Legare was?" He answered, "just gone, sir." "Well," said the person, "Mr. Legare is a philosopher, and I hope he will bear the stroke like one." "Philosophy! (replied the doctor,) I have thought as much of philosophy as any man; But the scene within beats philosophy *hollow*."

MRS. FREDERICA HAHN.

This lady was born in the year 1765, in the Dutchy of Wirtemberg, of holy parents, who ex-

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teemed no business so interesting as devoting their offspring to God, and instilling into their tender minds the fundamental principles of our sacred faith.

She was naturally of a calm and reserved disposition, which, however, preserved her from many temptations to which more lively tempers are exposed.

At a very early period she commenced a very close, yet secret communion with her adorable Lord, whose grace she sought and found by humble prayer, and whose condescension to her wants she experienced with unspeakable joy.

Her future husband was a clergyman of truly evangelical principles, and unblameable conduct, who had accepted a call to a protestant congregation in the Austrian dominions, where he had much work, with a very small stipend. His first wife was an intimate friend of Frederica's; but being soon deprived of her by death, and left with two infants, and the duties of a parish thirty miles in extent, it appeared most expedient for him to re-enter the conjugal state, respecting which step he implored the divine direction.

In those circumstances, one day examining a book belonging to his last wife, which contained many memorials and profiles of her friends, and among the rest that of Frederica. He was par-

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ticularly engaged with her profile, and suddenly thought, "Why, this may be the very same person whom God has chosen for me." In the midst of these reflections a friend stepped in and inquired, "What do you look for in this book?" He plainly answered, "for a wife!" "And which is the object of your wish?" "Guess." The friend, on examination, pointed out the same which had so powerfully excited his attention; in consequence of which the profile was sent in a letter to his brother with the following queries:—"Whether its original was still living? What was her age? Whether she was of truly christian sentiments? and if those were suitable, whether she was willing to journey into Austria, and become the wife of a widower, and the mother of two children?"

This singular commission his brother faithfully performed, and Frederica, though greatly surprised by the application, after seriously praying and maturely considering the proposal, in face of every difficulty, felt disposed to accept it; which resolution continued firm, and she cheerfully left her house, and parents, and all, to become the wife of Mr. Hahn.

Her husband soon found he possessed in her a most invaluable treasure, who nobly employed her talents to glorify her God, and communicate good

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not only in the family, but to the whole congregation, so that to the present time her name is never mentioned without tokens of respect, gratitude, and regret.

Frequently she had to struggle with no small trials; but God never forsook her. At one time there was neither money or food in the house; this distress she kept to herself, most fervently imploring divine assistance. It was Sunday, and her distress had risen to the highest pitch, when as soon the service was over, a member of the congregation who had never given any thing before to his pastor, came to the house and presented him with several ducats, which filled her heart with joy, and gratitude, and praise to her providing God.

After five years residence in Austria, Mr. Hahn unexpectedly received a call to a superior situation in his native country, and while absent from home, taking leave of some people in a distant village, one of his children was taken for death. Who can describe the distress of the solitary mother? She prayed and cried, and wrestled, for the life of the child; her heart bled at the sight of his dying agonies, and it was long before she was able to sacrifice her little Isaac. At last, however, she rose superior to natural feelings, and rising from prayer, took her darling to her arms, resigning him to

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God's will, and insensibly he expired, while lying on her bosom. She then thanked God for giving her resignation to his will; clothed the lifeless body of the infant in clean white linen, put his hands together, closed his beautiful eyes, and waited for her husband's return, who being overtaken by a storm did not reach home till midnight; at last he arrived wet through, and his first question was, "How are the dear children?" She replied, "very well." He was going to look at them, when she softly held him back, and observed, that they were asleep. Whilst he was drying and refreshing himself, she was conversing on the great duty of submission to the divine will; and at last proposed the question, how he should feel if God were to take one or more of the dear children to himself? "I should be dumb," he answered, "not daring to open my mouth; knowing that whatever God does, is right." She then, in the most affectionate manner, took him by the hand, and led him to the beautiful corpse; streams of tears flowed down his face, and he was unable to speak at first: but both falling on their knees, humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God, and at length saying with submission, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

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After many difficulties they reached their new situation, where Mrs. Hahn was most severely afflicted with an uncommon depression of spirits, which clouded her former serenity, and occasioned many an inward conflict.

About four years subsequent to this removal, Mr. Hahn was called to another charge, where Mrs. Hahn entirely regained her former composure of mind. Her family was increased to eleven children, but God's blessing was increased also; and it was delightful to behold the holy mother full of activity and cheerfulness, leading her little ones to Christ, the great friend of children. Her christian example, her maternal tenderness, her fervent prayers, her loving injunctions, had but one primary design, to inspire their tender hearts with the warmest love to Christ.

Mrs. Hahn was at length seized with an inflammation, which put a speedy termination to her valuable life, "a life of faith in the Son of God." In her short illness she gave the most certain evidences of her unshaken faith in Christ, her assurance of an interest in the Redeemer, and her firm hope of eternal life. She told her physician, "it was for her children's sake she consulted him; for her own part she was quite ready to depart: death to her was nothing more than a transition from

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one apartment to another." A short period before her departure she repeated, with a peculiar emphasis, the beautiful explanation of the second article of faith by Luther, and with these words her happy spirit departed to another world, there to see his face, "of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named."

MRS. ANN DUTTON,

WAS the daughter of a Mr. Dutton, of Northampton, and was born about the end of the 17th century. She was providentially blessed with gracious parents, who gave her the inestimable advantage of a religious education.

With them she attended the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Hunt, of Northampton, which, said she, "was the place of my first and second birth." From a child she knew the scriptures, frequently engaged in private prayer, and often preferred religious exercises to childish play; but with all these appearances she was, to use her own words, "a proud self-righteous creature; and an awful foe and stranger to God, and the way of salvation, by the person, blood, and righteousness of Christ." For though she had a notional knowledge of these

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things, yet the enmity of her heart attempted to join something of her own doing with Christ, thereby seeking life by the deeds of the law.

Soon after this she became more vain, and proud, and earthly, which weaned her of her supposed goodness and fitness to engage the favour of God, and in this state God convinced her that she was a sulness of sin and rebellion, and justly deserved his vengeance for ever.

To commend God's love she observed, "He took me at my worst!" This real change of heart was effected when she was about thirteen years of age, and was manifest from her former profession, by a greater concern of soul, her finding no peace in those things which once constituted her peace, her feeling a wound which was far too deep to be healed by her own doings, a deep conviction of her total sinfulness and inability, a certainty that all salvation was by the free grace of God, through the person and work of the Redeemer; in short a renunciation of herself, and a venture exclusively upon the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon, peace, purity, and all salvation.

Her subsequent life, like all the saints, was a chequered pilgrimage, at one time in hopes, at another in fears: but her felicity was always to go to Christ as an undone sinner, and he never cast her

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out, but verified his grace and fidelity in receiving, loving, and saving her.

This cross of Jesus was the constant object of her faith. "There," (she beautifully observed) "I viewed all my sins, meeting upon Jesus, and salvation obtained, and flowing down to me in the freest grace, there his boundless grace set my soul a burning! I looked and loved! I looked and mourned! divine love filled my soul with unspeakable joy; but a sight of my sins piercing and wounding him, caused such bitterness as I never felt before."

When about fifteen years of age, she united with the church of Christ at his holy supper, and amidst all her weakness through unbelief, the Lord continued to reveal Christ more and more, as the great foundation of her faith and joy.

At about twenty-two years of age she was married, and removed from Northampton to London, where she united with the people of God, continued to wait upon his ordinances, passing on from glory to glory, but where and when she died is left to us uncertain; may it be our felicity to follow her as she followed Jesus, and to meet her redeemed spirit in the sinless and tearless world above.

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MRS. MARTHA HAMILTON.

THIS departed saint possessed the great privilege to descend from eminently godly parents and ancestors, a privilege which she highly valued, not as a substitute for personal religion, but as an interesting and powerful incentive to heart-felt godliness. The well known and excellent Mr. Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, was her grandfather on her mother's side, and the Rev. Dr. Winter, formerly pastor of the church in New-Court, Cary-Street, London, was her venerable and beloved father.

In early life she not only enjoyed a truly religious education, but realized the renewing grace of God; and at the age of thirteen years and a half, she entered into a solemn covenant engagement to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in whose name she had been baptized. Of this engagement with her God she left a valuable written record, which manifests not only a fervent devotion, but a knowledge of divine truth, and a maturity of judgment far above her years; and through all the progressive scenes of her life, she conspicuously evinced an uniform affection and adherence to the truths, and the holiness of the gospel of Christ.

Her religious principles not merely contained

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a speculative, but constrained to a practical purity; she held the truth in love and holiness, she was eminent for filial piety, and for the discharge of every relative duty, and in addition to "piety at home," she was through the grace of her Saviour, a friend of no common worth.

A consumption, the fatal messenger of her end, gradually fulfilled the last commission of the Almighty respecting this invaluable woman; and as her steps descended to the grave, it was clearly seen by those familiar with her, that her spirituality daily increased; that her meetness for glory was more and more advanced; she thanked her God for all past favours, observed she had no desire to retrace a single step of her life, that all was calm and blessed within, and that she thankfully accepted the gospel salvation. She spoke with peculiar pleasure of that description of the divine character: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." She said, about two hours before she took her flight, "I now want my blessed Saviour to fetch me home." Thus she fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 18, 1805.

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LADY BURFORD,

WAS another monument of grace selected from the great and noble. She was the only child of an eminent merchant at Hull, and was born 1767. Her various attractions qualified her for an elevated rank in Society, and in the year 1790 she gave her hand to the noble lord whose title she bore, and who afterwards became duke of St. Albans.

Thus dignified she was for a time fascinated with the splendour of nobility; but it graciously pleased God, by means of the rod of affliction, and that excellent book of the Rev. J. Hervey, "Theron and Aspasio," to effect a most important change in her religious views, and to conduct her weary soul to Jesus Christ, the exclusive source of real salvation and permanent happiness.

The following letter, written to her only child, the right honourable Lady Mary Beauclerk, and left with a friend to be given her after her mother's death, fully defines her own sentiments on the momentuous subject of genuine and personal religion:—

"DEAR CHILD,

When you receive these lines, I shall be gone to that dear Jesus, whom I used to talk and

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read to you about. Pray now, take some of my best advice; hear my faith, and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ to give to you the same. He was pleased to show me, at twenty-five years of age, soon after you were born, that all my strict attendance on public worship, my many prayers, alms, and reading good books, would not make me righteous. I saw that I sinned in whatever I did. I read that precious book, Mr. Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, which I particularly recommend to you: I there saw that I was to apply to Jesus for every thing; I did so, he gave me to trust that I was pardoned through his blood; justified, completely justified by his righteousness. He has guided me hitherto by his good spirit, and I am assured he will stand faithfully by me in the last trying hour of death. Yes, this God is our God, for ever and for ever; he will be our guide even unto death. Ps. xlviii. 14."

The whole of her subsequent life furnished the most certain evidence that she had believed unto righteousness. She was a warm friend to the doctrines of grace; saw that salvation was all of grace; and these doctrines diffused their legitimate influence through all her conduct. She became dead to the world, and alive to God and for

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him. She was moulded into her Saviour's image, and the graces of his spirit shone most conspicuously in her, especially meekness aad humility. She truly loved all who loved the Saviour, of every denomination, and never appeared ashamed to own "whose she was, and whom she served."

Thus bloomed this flower of Paradise, diffusing, while in this wilderness, the sweetest fragrance on every side; but it was shortly to be transplanted to a far more genial clime, there to blossom in eternal youth and vigour.

The religion of Lady B. not only taught her how to live, but afforded her support and joy in a dying hour; for her consolations in the season of death were strikingly manifested by the sweet and heavenly words which dropped from her quivering lips. When taken for death, the idea of dying overpowered her mind with joy, and clapping her hands in the most triumphant manner, she looked joyfully upwards, and repeated over again and again, with the most lively sensations, "Oh! how happy! Oh! how happy! I shall be with Jesus! I shall be happy for ever." "My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Ps. lxxiii. 27. Yet, however, God permitted the grand adversary to sift and try her, and she felt an awful cloud of dark-

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ness pass over her mind; but satan did not long gratify his malice, for her redeemer soon filled her soul again with all joy, and peace in believing. The last words she was heard to utter, were, "Jesus, Jesus." An inexpressible sweetness reigned in her countenance and appearing more than commonly happy, she entered into the joy of her Lord, in the thirty-third year of her age, July 18, 1801.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comforts when we die."

MRS. ISABELLA BRANDER,

Was born near Elgin, Murryshire, North Britain, about the year 1770, of honest, industrious, professing parents. She was favoured with a religious education, and from a child, possessed a speculative acquaintance with the great principles of the gospel; but, by a few years residence in London, she had imbibed deistical sentiments, and learned by degrees to reject and ridicule the principles of her early youth; yet she was chosen, and called in the furnance of affliction, and was converted at the eleventh hour.

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In March, 1801, having been seized with a nervous consumption, her physicians advised her to return to her native air. She accordingly went to Scotland and resided in the house of a sister, who was a gracious woman, and who deemed it her duty to act faithfully to her afflicted sister's soul; but with much anger Isabella told her to hold her peace, acknowledged she believed in no hell, called the Holy Bible a parcel of lies, and threatened to leave the house if plagued with such nonsense, and actually did for some time, because family worship was regularly kept up; but her mind was restless till she returned, still, however, as hardened as ever.

About the end of August, 1801, her body was violently pained with a burning fever, and her mind filled with irritation against God; frequently she dropped some blasphemous expressions against him, and at last, with the utmost horrors of mind, she cursed the day of her birth; denied the justice of her afflictions, and the mercy of God for his conduct towards her; which made her sister shriek, give her up for lost, and burst into tears.

But now the period of Jehovah's power and mercy was arrived, and God was pleased to bless the efforts of her sister, of some pious neighbours, and especially of the Rev. Mr. Bayne, of Elgin, in

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producing a considerable attention to those things which concerned her everlasting peace. At last she most feelingly confessed her continued life of rebellion against God, mourned over the desperate hardness and deceitfulness of her heart, acknowledged the holiness and justice of God, and inquired, with floods of tears, "Can there be pardon for such a wretch as I am?" She wept again and again, confessed her sins, cried for mercy, lamented lost time, and looked at eternity by turns; and when the minister was praying for her salvation, her soul appeared wrapped up in every petition.

She remained for some time under very considerable terror of mind; but a powerful perception of the merits and willingness of Jesus to save the chief of sinners, at length alleviated her sorrows, and communicated the truest consolations to her soul:—now prayer, reading, meditation, and correspondent exercises were her delight, and she vented the breathings of her soul far above her natural strength, in admiring and praising the riches of unmerited and redeeming love. Often she cried, "O that wicked tongue, to speak a word against that dear Saviour! Oh, that I had ten thousand tongues to praise him! O, for perfect love to him!"

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For some time before her death she frequently felt languor in her soul, of which she heavily complained, yet never seemed to doubt of her interest in Christ; but at one of her seasons of prayer, the Lord was pleased to manifest his glory to her in an overcoming manner, and instantly calling on all present, he exclaimed, "Praise him, praise him; fall on your knees and praise him!"

At one of the periods of her delirium, her sister, who formerly shed tears over her unconverted state, now could not refrain weeping from very different feelings. But the sight grieved the changed Isabella, and she said, weep not for me, but rejoice. Many tears I occasioned you in my former wretched state, and good cause you had indeed to weep. O, weep for nothing but sin."

The two days preceding her departure, were joyful in a peculiar degree. Looking steadfastly at her poor emaciated hand, she said, "Oh, this poor body! but if I be one of the redeemed of the Lord, this body shall be a glorious body: and when her sister was wiping the cold sweat from her face, she observed, "O sister, it is hard work to die, you have this also to do, but O, trust in him." About 11 o'clock at night she called her brother-in-law to pray with her, and added, it will not be long now," soon afterwards, without a strug-

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gle, groan, or distorted feature, she fell asleep in Jesus, November 13, 1801, aged 31 years.

MRS. HARRIET NEWELL,

WAS the daughter of Mr. Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and was born Oct. 10, 1793. She was by nature cheerful and unreserved; possessed a lively imagination—a great sensibility—a retentive memory—a considerable taste for reading and study, and will long be remembered as an obedient child, and an affectionate sister and friend.

The first twelve years of her life were spent in vanity; but in the summer of 1806, while at the academy in Bradford, she became the subject of deep religious impressions, which laid the foundation of her Christian life. A few extracts from her Letters and Diary will, in a beautiful manner, unfold her genuine piety, her self-jealousy, her Christian prudence, and her growth in the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord.

To Miss L. K. of Bradford, 1806.—"Dear L. do advise me what to do for God's glory. I care not for myself, though he lay ever so much upon me, I would be content. O, could I but recall this

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summer! but it is past, never to return. I have one constant companion, the Bible, from which I derive the greatest comfort. This I intend for the future shall guide me.

"Pray for me, that my heart may be changed. I long for the happy hour, when we shall be free from all sin, and enjoy God in heaven; but if it be for his glory, I am willing to live my three score years and ten. My heart bleeds for our companions who are on the brink of destruction."

From her Diary we select the few subsequent extracts in proof of the same interesting facts already presented by her letters.

Sept. 1, 1816.—"A large number of my companions are in deep distress for their immortal souls. Many of the once gay and thoughtless, are now in tears anxiously inquiring, 'what shall I do to be saved?' Oh, how rich is the mercy of Jesus!

Oct. 10.—"Oh, how much have I enjoyed of God this day! such views of his holy character; such a desire to glorify his name, I never before experienced. O that this frame may continue through life.

'My willing soul would stay,
'In such a frame as this,
'And sit and sing herself away
'To everlasting bliss.'

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"This is my birth day; 13 years of my short life are gone for ever."

Nov. 2.—"How wonderful is the super-abounding grace of God! Called at an early age to reflect on my lost condition, and to accept salvation, how great are my obligations to live a holy life."

Nov. 25.—"A dear Christian sister called on me this afternoon; her pious conversation produced a solemn but pleasing effect on my mind. Shall I ever be so unspeakably happy as to enjoy the society of holy beings in heaven?"

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"

"Dec. 11.—"This morning has been devoted to the work of self examination. Though I find within me an evil heart of unbelief, prone to depart from the living God, yet I have a hope, a strong unwavering hope, which I would not renounce for worlds. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for this blessed assurance of eternal life."

"May 1, 1807.—"Where is the cross which Christians speak of so frequently? All that I do for Jesus is pleasant, though, perhaps, I am ridiculed by the gay and thoughtless for my choice of religion; yet I do do not wish for the approbation and love of the world, neither for its splendour or riches."

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"For one blest hour at God's right hand
"I'll give them all away."

During the year 1808, she appeared gradually to lose her fondness for retirement and love to the Scriptures. She associated more freely with gay companions, and thus sunk into a state of religious declension and darkness, which afterwards caused her shame and tears before her God, as will appear by the following selections from her papers, and which should teach us ever to beware of following Jesus *afar* off.

July 1, 1809.—"God has been pleased in his infinite mercy again to call up my attention to eternal realities. After spending more than a year in the vanities of the world, thoughtless and unconcerned respecting my eternal welfare, he has, as I humbly trust, showed me my awful backslidings from him, and my dependance on his grace for every blessing."

"I do now, in the strength of Jesus *resolve*, that I will no longer sacrifice my immortal soul, for what I have hitherto deemed my temporal happiness. I now see that I have enjoyed no happiness in my pursuit of worldly pleasure. Not in the play-room, not in vain and idle conversation, not in the bustle of crowded life have I found hap-

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piness. This heaven-born guest is found only in the bosom of the child of Jesus. How awfully aggravated will be my condemnation, if I do not, after this second call, awaken all my drowsy faculties, and become earnestly engaged for God."

And writing to a friend, dated August 1809, she says, "To you, my ever dear friend, will I unbosom my heart: yes, I will tell you what God hath done for my soul: about six weeks since he was pleased to call my attention again to the concerns of my soul. Oh! Miss W. should I now be left to dishonour this holy cause, what would be my eternal condemnation? Oh! pray for me. Entreat God to have mercy upon me, and keep me from falling."

Dec. 1, 1809.—"This evening a *ball* is appointed at ————, my dear ———— will probably attend. I have resolved to devote some part of the evening in prayer, particularly for them. Oh! that God would stop them in the midst of their sinful career, and let them no longer spend their precious moments in following the pleasures of this vain world!"

Dec. 31.—"Oh!" that I might now, as in the presence of the great Jehovah and his holy angels, with penitential sorrow, confess my past ingratitude, and in humble reliance on the strength

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of Jesus, resolve to devote the ensuing year, and the remaining part of my days, to his service."

In January and February, 1810, her heavenly parent repeatedly visited her body with the rod of affliction, but her sickness proved much more precious than gold, being sweetly sanctified to her immortal soul, and constraining her to acknowledge, with the church of old, I "will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." Micah vii. 9. And with Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." 1 Samuel iii. 18.

March 2, she observes, "Have this afternoon been solemnly admonished, by seeing the remains of Mr. E. carried by the house; that I, who am now so actively engaged in the affairs of this world, shall shortly be conveyed on a bier to the cold grave? Yes, the righteous Judge has declared to the race of Adam, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' Soon this sentence will be executed upon me. Prepare, O my soul, to meet thy God!"

Thus, she continued to manifest the holy principles and conversation of a genuine disciple of Jesus, in the character of a private Christian, till the Rev. S. Newell, who had devoted himself to a foreign mission, sought after, and obtained her as the companion of his labours and sufferings in the

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establishment of the kingdom of Christ in Pagan Lands.

On the 6th of February, 1812, when the missionaries were ordained at Salem, Mrs. Newell was present, and evinced remarkable tranquility and resolution; and on Feb. 19, with Mr. Newell, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson, she sailed from Salem, and took farewell of her native land for ever, amid the prayers and benedictions of multitudes. Her happy serenity continued through the dangers of a long voyage, and amidst all the difficulties which befel her subsequently to her reaching India, where after a short residence, they were necessitated to remove by an order from government; and soon after their arrival at the Isle of France, her health gradually declined under an accumulation of disappointments and afflictions, until Nov. 30, when her soul ascended to the mansions of the blessed. Almost her last words where, when told she could not live another day, "O joyful news, I long to depart! death appears truly welcome and glorious!" She was the first martyr to the missionary cause from the American world.

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MADAM ABIGAIL ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams, consort of the Hon. John Adams, late President of the United States, died at Quincy, October the 28th, 1818.

This lady was not more elevated by rank, than eminent by her virtues. Of her sex, she was an ornament, not less pure, than it was brilliant. At once the charm and the pride of the domestic circle. Exemplary in the fulfilment of every social and religious obligation; and in the native ease and characteristic dignity, with which they were discharged. Presiding in her family, as though its cares had been the single object of her thoughts; yet her mind enlarged by reading, and established by meditation, had the aspect of one, exclusively devoted to mental improvement and intellectual contemplation. It was impossible to know her intimately, without admiring that rare assemblage of qualities, which constituted her character; in which masculine understanding was united with a delicacy, unobtrusive and feminine; what was true, and useful, and necessary to be known, for the right conduct in common life, was mingled and dignified, by being combined, in her mind and practice, with acquirements, at once extensive, elegant, and extraordinary. She was endowed by

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nature, with a countenance singularly noble and lovely. In it dignity was blended with sweetness, the beams of intelligence with those of kindness; inspiring at once, respect, confidence and affection. She illustrated and adorned every sphere she was called to fill. Although polished by intercourse with the world, her mind had lost nothing of its original purity and innate worth.

This is not the language of panegyric. If to those who knew her not, it shall have this aspect, those who knew her best, will feel how short this description falls of all the refined, and all the substantial qualities which formed the stamina of her character.

Her father, the Rev. William Smith, a clergyman, respected for his piety and worth, married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Hon. John Quincy, and was settled at Weymouth, near Boston. These respected parents were blessed with three daughters,* who were each qualified, by uncommon talents and virtues, to fill with equal worth, the different, though important stations, to which they were afterwards called. Of these, Madam Ad-

* *Mary*, the wife of the late Hon. *Richard Cranch*, of Quincy.—*Elizabeth*, the wife of the late Rev. *John Shaw*, of Haverhill, and afterwards, of the Rev. *Stephen Peabody*, of Atkinson.

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ams was the second. Under the paternal roof, with her beloved sisters, were passed her early years, in the pursuit of those intellectual and domestic accomplishments, on which gentlemen of her father's profession are accustomed to found the future hopes of their children. Religion formed the basis of her early education. Under its sanction, and by its light, she was taught to discern the right in morals, and the useful in learning; and to take delight in the practice of what was prudent, and in the discovery of what was true: and to seek happiness and honour, in filling, with propriety and exactness, all the duties which peculiarly appertain to her sex.

Connected in early life, by affection and intellectual sympathy, with one of the most eminent men of our age and country, and one among those, chiefly instrumental, in achieving our national independence, she largely partook of the spirit of the times, and cheerfully braved the dangers, submitted to the privations, and co-operated in the energies demanded by the occasion. The leading patriots of that period well knew her intellectual worth. With many of the most distinguished, she long continued in the habits of correspondence. Her letters yet remain, and are monuments of refined taste and pure sentiment.

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After peace and independence had been acquired by her country, Madam Adams was called to adorn higher stations. The first lady to represent and sustain, in foreign courts, the character of the American female; the second, who was obliged, by her husband's rank, to take pre-eminence among the females of the United States.

It was the joy and pride of her sex and country, that this lot so early fell on one,

> ——"Fitted, or to shine in courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> With piety and meditation joined."

Possessing, at every period of life, the unlimited confidence, as well as affection of her husband, she was admitted, at all times, to share largely of his thoughts. While, on the one hand, the activity of her mind, and its thorough knowledge of all branches of domestic economy, enabled her almost wholly to relieve him from the cares incident to the concerns of private life; on the other, she was a friend, whom it was his delight to consult in every perplexity of public affairs; and whose counsels never failed to partake of that happy harmony, which prevailed in her character; in which intuitive judgment was blended with consummate prudence; the spirit of conciliation, with the spirit

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of her station, and the refinement of her sex. In the storm, as well as on the smooth sea of life, her virtues were ever the object of his trust and veneration.

Destined, however, to elevate and adorn, in a peculiar degree, the domestic sphere, she quitted it with reluctance, and returned to it with joy, as the scene, most congenial to her soul and best suited to give employment to her virtues: in comparison with which, in her estimation, the honours of public life had little attraction, and the gaiety of courts no charm.

Above all, her habitual charity encircled her character with that lovely and immortal wreath, which will live and flourish when every other honour and distinction shall have utterly perished. In sickness and sorrow her friends and neighbours ever found, in her advice and sympathy, support and consolation; and the poor a never failing resource in her benevolence, which waited not to be solicited, or sought; but whose

"Active search
Left no cold, wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart, with unexpected good."

The excellencies of her character were consum-

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mated by religion; this formed its basis; this was the origin of her virtues; and her eminent virtues did honour to the holy source from which they arose. She was a serious and humble Christian. Her religious sentiments were of the most enlightened and enlarged nature, truly worthy of herself; and were of that practical character which gave them an habitual influence over her conduct: they afforded to her direction and support, amidst the various trials of a long life;—and, we humbly trust, she has departed to enter upon the rewards of her faith and hopes.

The evening of her life was marked by a cheerful serenity, and her virtues, reflecting the mellow tints and the rich lustre of mature age, exhibiting rather the beautiful scenery of autumn than the desolation of winter, imparted delight and instruction to all whose privilege it was to observe her, in this interesting and venerable period.

Greatness and goodness, intellectual superiority, and a correspondent eminence in virtue, are not always found united;—in her the combination was consistent and complete; and human nature has seldom, if ever, more fully or more beautifully displayed its noblest attributes. By those persons who knew her, her memory will ever be cherished with the highest veneration. To the young, emu-

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lous of the best distinctions which this life affords, her conduct may be held up as one of the purest models for imitation: wisdom and virtue claim her as a favourite daughter; and, those who are capable of estimating the highest order of moral excellence, mourn in her death the removal of one of the richest ornaments of her sex and species. The light of life, long quivering in its socket, has expired on earth, but will be enkindled anew, and burn with pure flame among the inextinguishable lights of the celestial world.

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A

SKETCH OF THE ACTIVE LIFE

OF

MRS. SARAH HOFFMAN,

IN HER LABOURS OF KINDNESS TO THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

One of the peculiar excellencies of religious biography is, that while it preserves the memory of the just, it insinuates itself, by a sort of irresistible impulse, into the breast of a pious reader; and, while it inspires him with admiration of the goodness and grace of God in the character which it exhibits, it produces an anxious solicitude to copy after the example by pursuing the paths of virtue and usefulness in the world. This species of writing, therefore, happily combines precept and example, seldom leaving the eye of the reader, without producing some valuable impression upon the heart, to be realized in future practice. With these

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views, the following sketch of the virtues and active life of Mrs. Hoffman is presented to the public; and although the incidents which occurred in the course of her years were not numerous, yet some of them were so strongly marked, and exhibited the charms of piety and benevolence, as to merit the highest commendation, and to form an admirable example for imitation, especially by every female.

Mrs. SARAH HOFFMAN was the daughter of David Ogden, Esq. one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the then Province of New-Jersey, and who also was a member of his Majesty's Council. Her mother's name was Gertrude Governeur. Mrs. Hoffman was born at Newark, New-Jersey, Sept. 8, 1742, and married to Mr. Nicholas Hoffman, Nov. 14, 1762, by whom she had four children, two of whom, with 24 grand-children, and nine great-grand-children, survive her. It is not known when Mrs. Hoffman first received her religious impressions. It is however certain, that in the more early part of her life, she passed through many scenes of disappointment and affliction; and that under all these she enjoyed the support and consolations of her God, which made her Christian character shine with greater brilliancy. Nor were those afflictions without a benign influence on

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her latter days; for while they taught her the evils to which humanity is subject, she learned the charming art of feeling for another's wo; and how to stretch forth the maternal hand of kindness to relieve.

The numerous domestic duties of Mrs. Hoffman, rendered more urgent by the protracted illness of her husband and her daughter-in-law, she prudently confined her charities to private objects; but not unfrequently would she encourage others in more public acts of benevolence, by giving to them her mite in favour of the needy, and exhort them to persevere in doing the will of their Lord. When those beloved relatives were removed by death, Mrs. Hoffman was at greater liberty to express the benevolent feelings of her heart; and, in the year 1800–1, opportunities of a peculiarly distressing kind were presented to her attention. She was not alone, but associated with other benevolent females; and every exertion was made to relieve the afflictions of the poor and needy. Among the number of these objects were destitute widows with small children; for the relief of whom it was contemplated to form a Female Association. The proposal was made in November, 1797, and organized on the 20th of December following, under

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the character and style of "*The Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children.*"

The following ladies constituted the first Board of Direction :—Mrs. Isabella Graham, first Directress; Mrs. W. Macomb, second Directress; Mrs. Divie Bethune, Treasurer and Secretary. *Managers*—Mrs. Mary Startin, Mrs. W. Seton, Miss Bowman, (afterwards Mrs. Low, of Flatbush,) Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Hopson, now of England.

Peace to the widow's throbbing breast, whose tears,
Fast fall upon her helpless babes. Indulgent Heav'n!
O grant us aid to succour their distress,
And give the healing balm!

At the first stated meeting of this Society, in April, 1793, it appears that 98 widows and 223 children had, by their means, been brought through the severity of winter, with a considerable degree of comfort. Shortly after the establishment of this humane institution, Mrs. Hoffman became an active member, and was chosen second Directress. I find her name enrolled with others, in the charter granted by the Legislature in favour of this Society; and she continued to fill this worthy station until the year 1806. It was a happy trait in the formation of this Society, and still continues, that objects of distress be relieved without the

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shadow of regard either to national distinction, or to religious persuasion. It is presumed that this Society was not only the first of the kind established in America, but the first in the world! Information of this establishment soon reached the city of London, and produced a dictate in the breast of some ladies of distinction, to form a Society in imitation of the one in New-York; and which was supported under the patronage of the Dutches of York. When one of the managers visited London, she was waited upon by several ladies, to inquire particularly into the manner of conducting this Society, and received desirable information. Our citizens have not forgotten the dreadful ravages made by the yellow fever in the year 1798. While that pestilence walked in our streets at noon-day, arrested the hand of industry, interrupted the course of trade, it also swept away more than two thousand to their graves, leaving many a destitute widow weeping over her helpless babes. This This was a loud call upon the exertions of the Society; and the several ladies connected with it, formed themselves in little bands, purposely to explore the habitations of distress, which opened an extensive, though melancholy field for Mrs. Hoffman to evince the sympathy and benevolence of her heart. It would be deemed incorrect were

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I to announce the worthy names of those who are still living, who also were engaged in this labour of love; yet I should feel a degree of criminality, not to record the names of those who have departed, and who were associates with Mrs. Hoffman in those works of kindness. Mrs. Isabella Graham was her chief companion; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. J. R. Livingston, Mrs. W. Seton, and Mrs. Howe; each in their day evinced the pious disposition of their hearts, and stretched forth the hand of kindness to the widow and the fatherless. Of the late Mrs. Mills, it is but justice to record, that by the members of the Board of Direction, her judicious counsel was always heard with respect and attention. Her knowledge of the world led her to that discrimination of character which was applied with the happiest effect; and of this excellent woman it may be said, *I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; sick and in prison, and ye visited me.* Nor can I omit adding to this list the name of the lately deceased Mrs. Mary Chrystie. Although her personal duties did not permit her to take a seat in the Board of Direction of this Society, she was *one of three* who suggested and brought the plan of the Institution before the public. She con-

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tributed liberally to its support during twenty-three years. Her counsel and her prayer for its prosperity were highly appreciated by many of its managers; so that when the names of Hoffman and Graham are mentioned among the mothers in Israel, that of Christie will not be forgotten. What to me gives a zest to this female association is, that its members were of different religious persuasions. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist; yet all partook of the same spirit, and drank so freely of "the milk of human kindness," which exhilirated them in pursuit after objects of distress, that they were never *weary in well-doing*. The Christian, while it is his privilege to worship God, according to his knowledge of the gospel, and the dictate of his conscience, is bound to maintain the profession of his faith without wavering; but whenever he beholds the image of Christ in any person, though he differ from him in mode of worship, will esteem the person for the sake of the image. And it is equally true, that wherever the good man beholds the marks of human wretchedness in any form, the love of Christ to him, will constrain him to pity and relieve; for such is the nature of Christian benevolence, it knows no bounds but the habitable globe. How charmingly were these sentiments exemplified in the generous efforts of

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Mrs. Hoffman and her associates! And how devoutly is it to be wished, that all who profess to receive the virtues of Christianity, may copy after such bright examples! Mrs. Hoffman was an Episcopalian, and strongly attached to the principles of her church; Mrs. Graham was a Presbyterian, and equally adhered to her profession; yet, the ties of natural relationship or sisterhood were not more firm than the attachment of these females in their charitable exertions in favour of the needy. The temper, condescension, and perseverance of these humane ladies is a fine comment on Paul's admirable description of active charity described, 1 Cor. xii. 4—7. To give the reader some view of the benevolent walks of Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Graham, I will venture to say, what has been communicated to me by an aged lady of a different religious profession to them, and who is still living. She accompanied them on their visits for two successive winters, commencing with November, and ending with March. They would meet at ten o'clock in the morning, and continue their visits till the dusk of the evening, in search after objects needing compassion. These were sometimes found in garrets, cellars, and other places of obscurity, half-starved, destitute of clothing, and perishing with cold; while their infant children

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were clinging to the breast, and others looking wishfully for a morsel of bread to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Mrs. Hoffman and her companions, forgetful of their own comfortable homes, would enter these abodes of poverty, and by a condescending address, make themselves familiar with the distressed, and thus speedily ingratiate themselves into the broken feelings of the suffering widow. Though sometimes these messengers of good will would make their visits without partaking of any refreshments, yet not unfrequently would they turn into a shop, purchase a loaf of bread, &c. and enter some forlorn habitation to partake of their morsel, and to bestow a kindness upon its occupant. It must not be forgotten that these visiters, into whatsoever house they entered, failed not to instruct the ignorant, frequently leaving a religious tract behind them, and thus convince the object of their bounty, that they were the servants of a compassionate Saviour. Although from the nature of human depravity, it must be expected that they too frequently met with characters, who afterwards proved themselves ungrateful for kindness received, yet I have often heard them relate a variety of instances of so affecting a description, which, were it my province to recite, would present to the reader the very

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shape and distorted features of female misery, while at the same time they would stamp a dignity upon the generous exertions of the widow's Society,

"Who comfort to the infant suff'rer bring,
"And teach with joy the widow's heart to sing.
"No sounding numbers shall their names reveal,
"But their own hearts, the rich reward shall feel."

This Society, through the smiles of the Almighty, still exists, and perseveres in its humane and generous efforts. During the last winter (1820) they fostered 254 widows, with 687 small children, under 10 years of age. It is to be regretted that its funds would only allow each family an average of $2 50 per month, for the five winter months, reserving a small sum for the exigencies of sickness in the summer months. The wants of many of them were great. Its managers still confide in the promise of that God who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless; and hope that a generous public will continue their aid, that the Society may yet continue its acts of kindness to the widow and the fatherless. It is devoutly to be wished that the example of their departed sister, Mrs. Hoffman, may yet stimulate them to persevere in acts of kindness, and, that the mantle of that venerable mother in

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Israel, may fall upon the pious daughters of our city, to cherish the Widow's Society, while a tear falls from a widow's eye, or a fatherless child shall cry for a morsel of bread!

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.—Matt. xxv. 40.

It may with propriety be said, the Orphan Asylum of this city took its rise from out of the Widow's Society; or, at any rate, on the minds of several of the members of that Society, was created the first impressions of its necessity and importance. Several of its managers, particularly Mrs. Hoffman, and her colleague, Mrs. Graham, in the course of their benevolent walks, found poor helpless children, whom death had deprived both of father and mother. For the succouring of such little unfortunates, the Widow's Society, according to their constitution and charter, could make no provision; and the necessity of attempting something in the shape of an Orphan Asylum, was first suggested to the benevolent mind of Mrs. Hoffman, by visiting a family of five orphans, immedi-

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ately after the decease of their mother by the yellow fever, in 1805. These children, of whom the youngest was a few months old, were boarded at the expense of Mrs. Hoffman, until an asylum could be provided. Upon this subject, she frequently conversed with Mrs. Graham and others, who also had children of their widows in similar object circumstances. Alternate hopes and fears agitated the hearts of these ladies for several weeks, while they ceased not in prayer and supplication, to spread the wretched orphan's case before the Lord. About the beginning of March Mrs. Hoffman made a visit to Mrs. Graham. Entering the parlour, she said to Mrs. Bethune, my dear friend, we must begin the Orphan Society. I have slept none all night, and these words have been constantly on my mind; *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.* Eccl. ix. 10. This was received by her as the signal for benevolent action. At a meeting of the Widow's Society, at Mrs. Startin's, it was agreed, that an invitation be given to our citizens, in order to meet this desirable object. Accordingly, on the 15th of March, 1806, at the City Hotel, a very respectable number of ladies and gentlemen were convened.

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Mrs. Graham was appointed to the chair, the plan was read, and unanimously approved; and, at the same time, the following ladies were elected to conduct the concerns of the Society.

Mrs. Hoffman, first Directress; Mrs. Hamilton, second Directress; Mrs. Bethune, Treasurer; Mrs. Rodman, Secretary.—*Trustees.*—Mrs. Startin, Mrs. M'Vicar, Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Saidler, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Aspinwall, Miss Tallman.

The Society thus organized, its first object was to provide a shelter for those little orphans which immediately demanded their care. As a temporary residence, a house in Raisin-street, in the village of Greenwich, was hired, and Mr. John M'Farlane and Catherine his wife, two discreet and pious persons, were engaged as superintendents and teachers. They commenced their duties on the first week in May, 1806. The door of this Asylum was open to receive all destitute orphans, without restriction to any religious denomination, or distinction of nations. Sufficient, if the child be in distress, without father and without mother; here was its home, and friendly guardians to foster its tender years, until a maturity of age, a kind Providence should open another door to commence its more active duties for its own and the public good. During the first six months, *twelve*

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orphan children were received by the Society. In order to qualify whatever children should be received into this Asylum, a mode of instruction was formed, in order to prepare them for useful stations in life. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were allotted to the whole; and in addition, the girls were taught plain sewing, and when at a suitable age, to be accustomed to domestic employment. But, as a far more important object, a well adapted plan was formed, that with the blessing of the Lord, such moral and religious instruction should be afforded as to produce their happiest advantages.

It must be confessed, that until this institution was formed, in which Mrs. Hoffman acted with others, the real value of her benevolent and Christian character was comparatively unknown. The acuteness and economy of her judgment in forming her plans; her mild and amiable manners, and her unwearied perseverance amidst every discouragement; these, while they produced a charming excitement in the breast of her worthy associates, contributed a large share towards the prosperity of the Orphan Asylum. It cannot but be acknowledged, that this Institution, with the variety of its benefits, was a gift from above, through the fervency of prayer. The afflicted orphan's

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case was continually commended to the orphan's God and Father, whose sacred smiles have crowned it with success for fifteen years!—An admirable lesson this, for all those whose christian benevolence dictates an effort in favour of the poor and afflicted: BEGIN WITH GOD, AND IT SHALL END IN PROSPERITY!

In January, 1807, Mrs. Hoffman laid before the Board, the plan of a Constitution for the Society, which, after a due examination of all its parts, was unanimously adopted, and afterwards published. Soon after this, a petition was presented to the honourable the Legislature of the State, praying for a charter of incorporation, and which was readily granted. In April, the same year, the Society held their first annual meeting, at the City-Hotel, where more than twenty orphans were presented to the view of their generous benefactors, comfortably clad, and wearing on the countenance the guileless smiles of health and happy youth. The hired house, occupied as a dwelling for the orphan family, being too small, and to prevent the inconvenience of frequent removals, it was contemplated to erect a building sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of the orphans, which the Society might hereafter be able to support. However great this undertaking, the ladies piously persever-

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ed, in full confidence that the God of mercy and love would indulge them with his sacred benediction. To facilitate this desirable object, the patrons of the Institution did honour to themselves; while several of the clergy recommended the design to their respective congregations, and made handsome collections for the purpose. The Board was directed to an airy healthy spot of ground in the village of Greenwich, on which to erect the building, the plan for which, was gratuitously drawn by Mr. West. The building was to be of brick, fifty feet square, sufficient for the accommodation of more than one hundred children. The corner stone was laid by the ladies of the Board, on the 7th of July, 1807. During the summer, the walls rose rapidly; and, as the funds of the Society were expended by purchasing the materials only, Mr. Ronalds, M. Gifford, and Mr. Thorpe, the master builders, generously paid the workmen, without rendering their account until the building was roofed. At this period several other ministers and churches generously favoured the Society by collecting for their aid, the sum of 1165 dollars. During the winter, applications were made to the Trustees, so numerous, for the admission of orphans, that they were obliged to finish the basement story, and two upper rooms. The Society, at this time, finding

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themselves oppressed with necessary debts, were induced, on the 1st of February, 1808, to forward a petition to the Legislature for aid, and which was accompanied by a recommendatory letter, from De Witt Clinton, Esq. then Mayor of New-York. The result of this petition was, an appropriation of five thousand dollars of the money to be raised by lottery for the Board of Health, but which was not received until the year 1816. But in addition to this, the Legislature made a grant of 500 dollars annually; and which they still regularly receive. On the last day of April, 1809, the Society, with fifty-four orphans, entered the new habitation, under a charming impression of the good hand of their God, and devoutly supplicating his throne for the continuance of his presence and benediction. By the liberal aid of a generous public, the building was gradually completed, and a succession of orphans have been received. Great have been the exertions of the Trustees to manage the concerns, and to procure the necessary supplies of food and raiment for so large a family. It was the firm determination of Mrs. Hoffman, as well as her companions, to expend their funds as long as a fatherless and motherless needy child claimed their shelter and kindness. Often at the commencement of winter, when the orphan family

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consisted of more than one hundred children, their treasury did not contain half as many dollars; yet, through the goodness of the Lord, it may truly be said, *the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail*, until the Lord replenished their wants. Much has deservedly been written on the page of history, of the interposing and benevolent hand of God, in the establishment and supplies of the Orphan House at Halle, in Saxony, through the laborious means of Professor Frank; and, I may venture to affirm, that it has been no less so in favour of our orphan establishment in this city. The faith and pious zeal of its Managers have frequently been tried to the last extremity; often, indeed, *cast down, but not forsaken;* for in ways least expected, or not expected at all, the kind hand of God, almost miraculously has produced their necessary supplies. One instance, among others of this description, occurred but a few years ago, was known to myself. At a time when the funds of the Society were almost expended, and money immediately demanded, a young gentleman, who had just received a share of a paternal estate, requested of me information, "what benevolent society was most worthy of attention?" I immediately named the Orphan Asylum. Next day a letter was left at my house, addressed to the

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Treasurer of the Orphan Asylum, which being delivered to that lady, on being opened, it was found to be a blank paper, containing the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!! How seasonable a relief was this to the exigencies of the Society! and what a noble example to those who become heirs to the patrimony of deceased relatives, instead of wasting it in vanity and profligacy! who but must feel the most devout acknowledgment to Divine beneficence, for providing the necessary supplies for the support of the children of this valuable Institution! and at the same time, firmly believe the truth of God's most gracious promise, that *the needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.* In the government of the orphan family, as well as in its general plans, Mrs. Hoffman took a very large share of active labour. Frequently would she spend a whole day at the Asylum, for the purpose of inspecting the wants of the children, and their progress in education; the management and frugality of supplies, and, indeed, the most minute concerns of the whole establishment. On such occasions, so far from receiving any extra refreshment, she would invariably partake only of the simple fare of the orphan's table. Never did she permit herself to quit the habitation, without con-

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ferring her most salutary advices, and bestowing her maternal expressions of kindness upon the tender orphans of her charge; and which, of course, never failed to produce the most happy effects.

It may gratify the reader to be informed, that this Orphan Asylum is now entirely freed from debt, and that by the smiles of Divine Providence, there is gradually forming a fund for its future support, by means of legacies. Still, the orphan's cry is directed to the ear of a benevolent public, for a present supply, and it is firmly believed, that their cry will not be heard in vain. The annual expenditures for the household, amount nearly to 5000 dollars exclusive of repairs to the building. And it must be likewise stated, that the increase of orphans, render it indispensably necessary that means be procured for the erection of a wing to the house for their accommodation. Since the establishment of this Society, in May, 1806, there have been received 422 orphan children; 235 have been bound out to trades or to service; eight have been returned to their respective widowed mothers, who had been insane in the lunatic Hospital; 26 have been relinquished to their relatives; and 15 have died, one of which departed beneath the smiles of Jesus. On the present day, January 1st, 1822, there are in the Asylum,

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84 boys, 52 girls, or 136 orphans. It is a pleasing reflection to the Managers, and was a cause of sublime pleasure to the pious Mrs. Hoffman; that while God extended his paternal wings over this orphan family for their protection and comfort, he has likewise granted some expressions of his grace to several of the children, both male and female, who are now arrived to the age of maturity, and maintain the correctness of christian character. One pious young man is now studying for the ministry; another is handsomely settled in business, and another is retained in the Asylum, as an assistant teacher. The recital of these favours cannot but produce a charming gratification in the breast of every patron of the establishment, and insure their future interest in its prosperity. We now arrive at a part of this statement, calculated to teach a lesson on human frailty, and that the most valuable labours of life must come to an end. In the year 1817, Mrs. Hoffman, bent beneath the infirmities of age, and by a severe rheumatic affection, was compelled to retire from the scene of activity, and in her chamber, to spend her remaining days in devotional exercises, awaiting the pleasure of her Lord to call her to the blissful regions of immortality. Let us follow her to the chamber of retirement, and attempt, from her private days, to

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learn a few more lessons of instruction for our own imitation.

The Chamber of Retirement.

David was an attentive observer of the Providence of God, and of the special favours which are reserved for the benevolent of heart. ***Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.*** Psalm xli. 1—3. In few instances have these words been more happily verified, than in the chamber of Mrs. Hoffman. She had considered the poor; the Lord had frequently delivered her out of her afflictions; the Lord was still with her in her last scene of retirement, and strengthened her upon her bed of languishing. She, who had given bread to the widow, and comfort to the helpless orphan, finds her bed of pain and languishing made easy beneath her, by the tender hand and cheering smiles of God, her heavenly father. How precious and kind are the ways of the Lord! In this chamber Mrs. Hoffman's highest privilege was, to cultivate communion with God, by meditation and prayer. The reading of the Holy Scriptures, was her constant delight.

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LAST VISITS TO MRS. HOFFMAN.

Go—witness the last scene of human life!
Then listen to the dying child of Grace!
And learn IMMANUEL's power to save!

It has frequently been asserted that, "the true character of man is not to be determined, until he turns the period of death. To continue for a time in a course of religious profession, and of public usefulness, and afterwards to turn aside from the paths of rectitude, and die beneath a dark cloud, has too often been witnessed, to admit a denial of the fact. And although it be certain, that *the Lord knoweth them that are his*; it is equally true, the Saviour hath given us this visible mark of them: *He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.* Matt. xxiv. 13. While, therefore, we are frequently called to witness the last moments of a dying penitent, whose life has been spent in thoughtless vanity and sin, and whose repentance is so strongly marked as to create a charitable hope of his salvation; yet, visits to a person, who, for many years, has received the mercy of God, preserved an uniformity of piety, and closed the scene of mortality in faith, peace and joy: this produces a different effect, and never fails to create the most happy assurance of the real worth of his character, the reality of religion, and a full persuasion of his future felicity. Under these impressions, I shall recite the substance of my last visits to the venerable Mrs. Hoff-

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man; that while it may serve as an additional memorial to her surviving family, others may be induced to follow her bright example. That spirit of christian benevolence which, for many years, Mrs. Hoffman so warmly cherished to the poor and needy, did not decline with her age. On my last visits she would make earnest inquiries of the general state of the public institutions under my ministerial care. "Come," she would say, "tell me how the aged are supplied in the Alms-House; are they allowed little refreshments? Surely if I find the comfort of such things, those poor creatures must need them too. Do you continue to make your visits to the Orphan Asylum, to examine and instruct the children? How many are there in the house? Do they improve in their learning, and do they look healthy and lively? I know that Mr. and Mrs. M'Farlane have always been kind and faithful people; and, I have confidence in their good character and kindness. But you know that my time and ability to visit the Asylum are expired, and all that I can now do for them is, to present them in my prayers to the orphan's God and Father. It is a delight to me still to hear that they do well, and that the Lord blesses them. You must keep on with your visits, and try to do them all the good you can: and the Lord will bless you for your kindness."

Friday morning, July 6th, on my way to the establishment at Bellevue, I made Mrs. Hoffman a visit. She was confined altogether to her bed, and endured

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severe pain. On my enquiring the state of her mind under the weight of her affliction she replied, "I frequently experience the sensible presence of my blessed Redeemer. At times, my meditations on the Lord, and his merciful kindness to me are very sweet; but, the depression on my head, and the pains I feel, too often interrupt my devotional pleasures. Indeed, such happy moments are quickly gone, when compared with my earnest wish for their continuance." With some feeling she adverted to the fifth chapter of Romans—*We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope*, &c. "I want," said she, "to have more of this experience in my heart; and I wish you to pray that my patience may increase, so that I may wait till it please my God and Father to receive me to his heavenly presence above. My old friend, you do not know how often, and how much of that refreshment I need; and you must not forget to give me your consolation." I explained to her, that true experience was produced by the conflict between nature and grace. Christ himself is our great copy for the exercise of patience under all sufferings. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep is dumb before her shearers, so he opened not his mouth. Now, in proportion as you receive this patience from your God, so will you possess your soul in sweet serenity under all your pains and sufferings. "Yes," said she, "this is true pa-

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tience; when I meditate on the sufferings of the Saviour for my sins, why should I complain? Yet, I must tell you, that I need more patience, that I may not be permitted to repine, but hold out to the last. And now I wish to kneel down by my bed, and pray that God may be with me, and grant me more experience and more patience."—Having gratified her request, she said, "sit down a minute longer; I have something to ask you. My time to continue here on earth cannot be very long. As my old friend, I wish you, when on your way to Bellevue every Friday, to visit the poor, you would call and spend a few minutes with me in conversation and prayer; it will contribute to my refreshment and comfort." This I promised.

On my next visit, Mrs. Hoffman appeared more rapidly to hasten to her final close of life. Although she frequently expressed to me the ground of her hope for future felicity, on this visit, I possessed a solicitude to receive from her dying lips, whatever might be interesting upon so important a subject; for it is death that tries human souls, and a dying testimony, connected with a virtuous life, is always the most valuable to survivors. I therefore again proposed the question, and received for answer: "My soul is fixed alone upon the infinite merit of Jesus, my blessed Redeemer. It is on his blood and righteousness I rest for the pardon of my sins, and the acceptance of my person, with my God and Father. And it is his prom-

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ise, that he will never leave me nor forsake me, which encourages me that I should be kept steadfast unto the end. I cannot say that I am always comfortable, or that I am free from temptation; but my whole desire and prayer to the Lord is for his grace and consolation." For such a satisfactory communication, I encouraged her confidence in the faithfulness and love of her Soviour, by repeating a few promises adapted to her situation, and closed my visit by offering a prayer. Before I retired, she said, "when you offer your supplications for me, I wish you always to conclude by repeating the Lord's prayer, for that has always been sweet to me."

During the last few days of this pious lady's illness, she was continually uttering expressions of gratitude, not only to her God and Saviour, but to her children and friends who surrounded her. She could receive nothing to refresh her, but a little ice-water; yet, not a drop passed her lips without acknowledging her thankfulness. As she approached nearer to the last scene, every doubt and fear vanished; and she happily reposed herself in the bosom of her Lord. She was never heard to allude to any of her good deeds, but constantly attributed all her mercies in life to the grace and goodness of her heavenly Father, resting her soul on the all-sufficiency of Christ her Saviour, and thus waiting the messenger death, to call her to the scenes of immortality.

The next time I visited Mrs. Hoffman, her strength

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was so far exhausted, that I said little more than to offer her a few sentiments for her consolation. I cited to her David's charming surfender of himself to the Lord; part of which were the very last words expressed by Jesus, the true David, while expiring on the cross. *Into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.* Psa. xxxi. 5. To whom, said I, can a penitent sinner commit his guilty soul, but to that blessed Redeemer whose hands were nailed to the cross? And to whom can a dying child of grace commit his fleeting spirit, but into the hand of his Father, who, indeed, is the Lord God of truth? "Yes," she replied, "they are charming words indeed! I hope I shall take the comfort of them. You must now kneel down and pray for me, that those words may be mine." Rising from prayer, she asked me, why did you not pronounce the benediction? To gratify her, I immediately did so. This was the last time I prayed with her.

On the next Friday morning, I made Mrs. Hoffman another visit; but she was too low to admit of conversation, and I promised to stop on my return from Bellevue. This was the day previous to her death. In the afternoon she was a little revived, and received a visit from her valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. Mrs. B. took a seat by her side, and read Mrs. Graham's "provision for passing Jordan," and also selections of Psalms and hymns in the Prayer Book. Occasionally she broke out in ejaculatory

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prayer, beseeching the Lord to be with her in passing through the valley of death. On my return in the afternoon, her mind was composed in her God; but the power of speech was extremely feeble. I asked her if she enjoyed the consolation of those words of David's surrender, which I repeated on my last visit? She replied, "they are the delight of my soul; I feel them in my heart; my mind is at rest." Perceiving that life would speedily expire, I proposed to her daughter, Mrs. M. Hoffman, to make a visit in the morning, which Mrs. Hoffman hearing, said, tell him to be sure to come."

Saturday morning I made my last visit. Her articulation had become almost unintelligible; but still, in broken accents, she endeavoured to glorify her God while breath remained. Looking at Mrs. B. the daughter of her still dear Mrs. Graham, she said, "my colleague is gone before; I am following fast." Then, after a short pause, she resumed her speech: "Tell them," meaning the Board of the Orphan Asylum; "tell them all there is a crown of glory in reserve for me." These were nearly her last words, except now and then an endearing expression to her children and grand-children. An oppressive slumber seized her animal spirits, and about nine o'clock in the evening she gently fell asleep in Jesus, without the shadow of a struggle or a sigh, aged 79 years. Thus she received an answer to her constant prayers, that when she passed through the valley of the sha-

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dow of death, she should fear no evil; and certain it was, that her Shepherd and Redeemer was sensibly with her; his rod and staff supported and consoled her spirit while passing away to the mansions of eternal blessedness and glory!

"Religion! Providence! and after-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides,
Sinks under us, besterms, and then devours."

YOUNG.

On the following Monday afternoon, the mortal remains of this mother in Israel were deposited in the burial yard of Trinity Church; there to *rest in hope*, till the morning of the resurrection, when the trump of God shall sound, the vile body shall be raised incorruptible, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God: body and spirit be re-united, and both received to the climes of bliss and unutterable joy, for ever and ever! *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* AMEN.

FINIS.

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